REAL WEST

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FATHER OF THE WEST

True Tales of the American Frontier
75¢ JULY 1976

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THE SIGNPAINTER HAD HIS DAY IN THE OLD WEST

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin – the man who discovered it – makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her –out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time – commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk – and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument – called a Tele-Photo Transmitter – that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody – high or low, ignorant or wise – all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there – standing before him, as real as life – was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There – smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting– stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument – your mental equipment – requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire–whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge–you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire – called a Photo-Form – then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

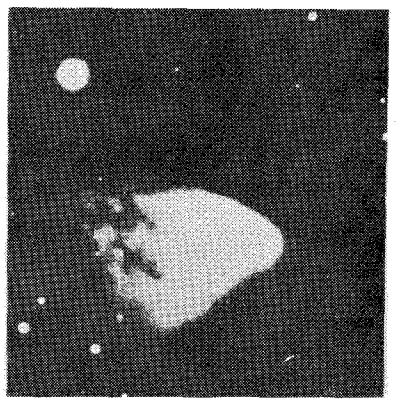
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there– but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and–for the first time in the history of Las Vegas–walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work–actually revealed their secret thoughts–made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

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50 Bond Street, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER by Reese P. Dubin' I understand the book is mine for only $7.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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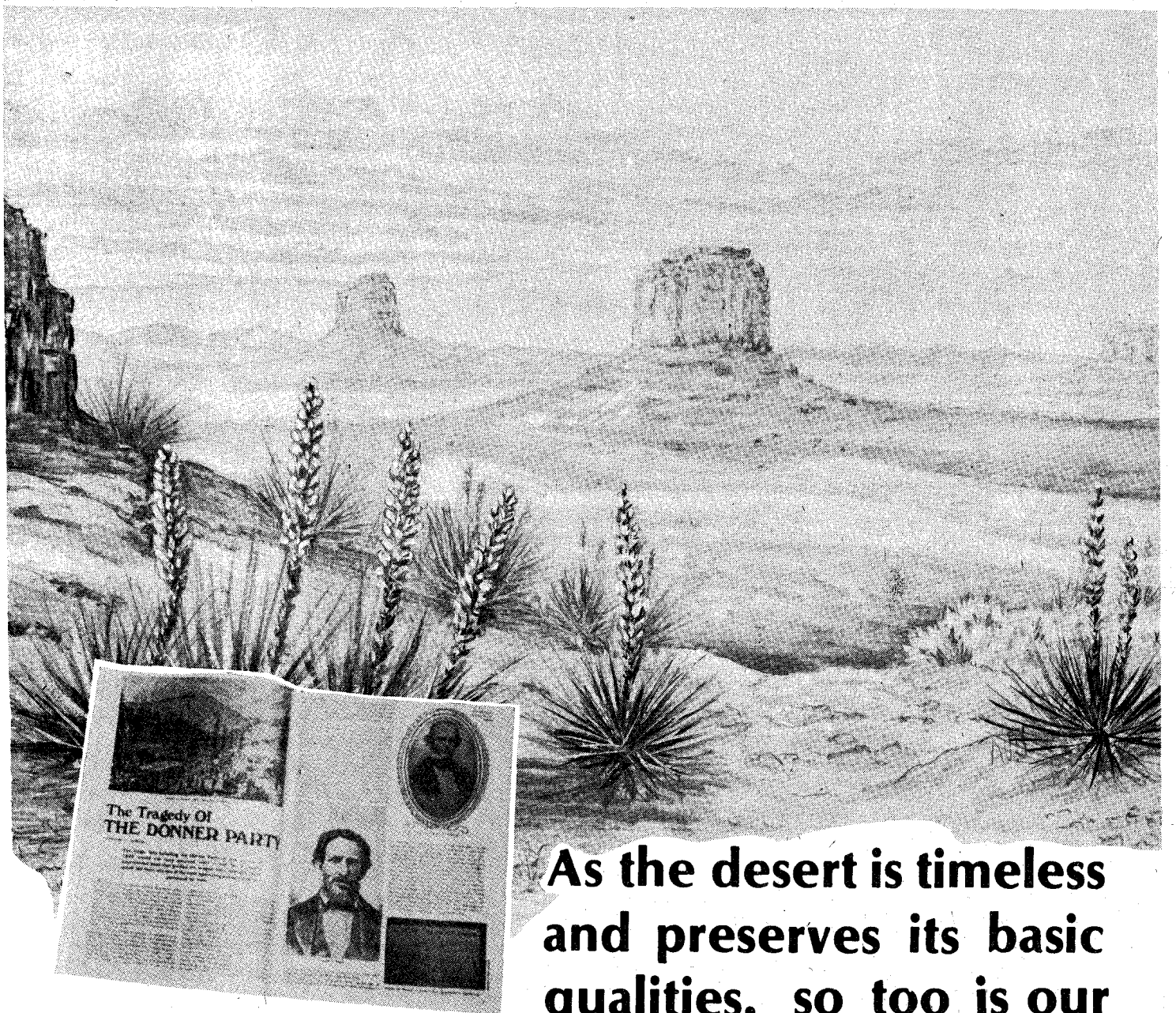

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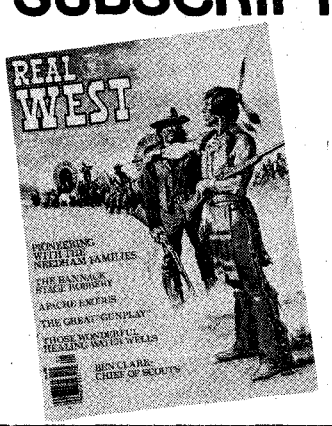

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REAL WEST

July 1976 No. 146 Vol. 19

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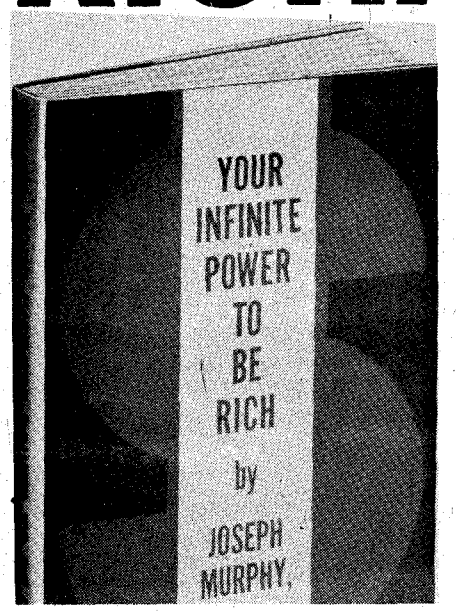
Dr. Joseph Murphy, D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Shows You —

HOW TO PRAY AND GROW RICH!

Yes, Dear Friend:

We have been instructed, by Dr. Joseph Murphy, to give you the most exciting news you've ever heard—news of his amazing discovery of: *how to pray and grow rich!*



Yes, says Dr. Murphy, his revolutionary book is for those who want results, NOT in a year, NOT in a month— NOT in a week—BUT IMMEDIATELY!

In fact, Dr. Murphy goes on, "for those willing, simply to follow the easy instructions, my techniques will bring you immediate results!"

And best of all, there's no need to make any choices between any particular blessings you desire, for, as Dr. Murphy says, "you can be rich beyond limitation, and never have to choose again!"

You say this is too much for you to believe . . . that it's too good to be true? Well then, can you explain the astonishing things that happened after people used Dr. Murphy's prayer techniques?

Can you explain—

1. how numerous people make use of a certain formula for paying bills with marvelous results (p. 37)
2. how a poverty-stricken couple received $10,000 "out of the blue in response to their request (p. 25)
3. how a man was able to triple his income in three months with a certain 28-word prayer that takes only ten seconds to repeat (p. 98)
4. how a boy ten years of age constantly receives gifts of money wherever he goes (p. 7)
5. how L.T. used a one sentence prayer to rise from a job as an office boy to the owner of a 50 million dollar company (p. 178)

. . . or explain any one of the scores of wonderful things that happened to people who used Dr. Murphy's prayer techniques!

But you won't really be able to explain a single one of these mysterious "answered prayer"—you won't that is, until you read Dr. Murphy's thrilling new book: YOUR INFINITE POWER TO BE RICH . . .

Therein lies the answer not only to the cases you've just read but the answer—the golden key—to how the prayers of these people received results! And you will discover—to your utter astonishment *and joy* exactly why, as Dr. Murphy says:

"Your Request For Riches Can Easily Be Fulfilled When You Use These Prayers!"

The Bible says, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." (John 10:10.)

"What this means," says Dr. Murphy, is that you are here to lead a full and happy life . . . All the spiritual, mental, and material riches of the universe are the gifts of the great Power . . . and this means that the treasure house of infinite riches is within you and all around you."

Based on this Biblical message, Dr. Murphy goes on to state that—"By learning the laws of mind (as described in this book), you can extract from that infinite storehouse . . . everything you need in order to live gloriously, joyously and abundantly."

"In plain and simple language this means that all of us have within our reach an infinite power to be rich—that the all-prevailing great Power actually wants us to be rich and live a happy, satisfying life—and that if we ask for what we want in a certain prescribed way—it will be granted IMMEDIATELY!"

Read These Case Histories Of Those Who Followed Dr. Murphy's Book . . . And Became Rich!

Here, in Dr. Murphy's own words (which you'll read on page 6), are the results of these prayer techniques—"All of the case histories presented in my book are of men and women who became rich by using the mental and spiritual laws described in it, and, to my personal knowledge, these people belong to all religious denominations. Moreover, they come from every income bracket and from every social level. All of these people have amassed great wealth!" For example:

- On page 24 you'll read about a woman who achieved amazing results almost immediately! She was out of work, with three children to support and bills piling up rapidly. No sooner did she affirm one single phrase given to her by Dr. Murphy, then a relative whom she had not even seen for fifteen years suddenly showed up and gave her $5,000 cash as well as other gifts!
- On page 39 you'll read about the salesman who came to Dr. Murphy and asked him "how can I make $50,000 a year? I am married and have four children and I barely make ends meet. My wife has to work in order for us to break even." After instructing him in the techniques to use, Dr. Murphy received a letter from the salesman reporting that his commissions and salary for the past year had exceeded $50,000!
- On page 36 you'll read the true story of a young boy who wanted to go to college, and his poor father who just didn't have enough money to send him. They came to Dr. Murphy with the problem and he gave them a beautiful and effective prayer to affirm each day. Soon, almost miraculously, the father won a large sum of money from a lucky lottery ticket—and his son is now at the university of his choice, happily studying to become an engineer!

As you can see, Dr. Murphy's Prayer technique works. And it will work just as well for *you* as it has for the ordinary, everyday, average people you've read about above . . . or every cent of your money back . . . *at once!*

"Yes," Dr. Murphy counsels, "you can ask for direction and guidance—and receive it."

And when you do, he says, you positively, definitely and absolutely will find the external riches of nature!"

"This book is designed to be a very practical one. It is intended for men and women whose pressing need is for money, and who are seeking to claim the riches life has in store for them. It is for those men and women who want *immediate results* and who are willing to put into application the simple, down-to-earth techniques outlined in detail in this book."—*Dr. Murphy states.*

How To Experience The Joy Of An Answered Prayer

Have you ever felt the thrilling response of an "answered prayer"? Those who have are lucky to experience such a wonderful blessing once in an entire lifetime! But now, Dr. Murphy can show you how to make this thrilling experience come true *for you!*

As soon as you receive your copy of this amazing book, turn right to page 166. There Dr. Murphy shows you "How to Experience The Joy Of The Answered Prayer!"

On page 25 is a perfect example of what this joy is like: It's the amazing true story of an elderly woman to whom Dr. Murphy had given a special prayer. Up until he did, she and her husband were receiving a very small monthly pension and could barely make ends meet. You'll see how she was soon able to exclaim in joy "it was a miracle," when, after affirming the prayer for two weeks—she was given $10,000 "out of the blue!"

Dr. Murphy's exciting new book cites cases like these by the dozen—offering proof after proof that he has truly discovered HOW TO PRAY AND GROW RICH! But you must see for yourself that this is absolutely true! You *will* believe it and know it will work for you once you actually experience the thrill of having your prayers turn into reality and *come true!* Order your no-risk copy now!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

For over a quarter of a century Dr. Murphy has been teaching, writing, counseling, and lecturing to thousands of people all over the world on the scientific approach to prayer. His popular classes on the hidden meaning of the Bible and the laws of mind given frequently in Los Angeles are attended by eight-hundred to a thousand students at each class.

Dr. Murphy, D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., speaks each Sunday morning to overflow audiences that make up one of the largest non-denominational audiences in the world.

In 1948 Dr. Murphy started a daily radio program. Today he has a tremendous following, and his radio broadcasts are immensely popular, reaching thousands of people each day.

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Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

EVERY STORY OF THE OLD WEST HAS ITS NICHE

Dear Editor,

I read with great interest the article "I Hunted John Turnow" by Al Moulton as told to Bill Kelly, in the March, '76 issue of REAL WEST.

The article was very well written and I would like to commend Bill Kelly for his efforts in preserving a part of history not usually treated by historians. There are a great many stories of such persons as John Turnow which would be lost forever if researchers such as Bill Kelly did not take the time and effort to seek out living witnesses and participants such as Al Moulton. In time, the stories of such lesser-known characters as John Turnow will be the axis from which a new and possibly revised history of the West can be written. Without astute researchers and diligent chroniclers, such as Mr. Kelly, such characters would remain forever unknown in the grave.

I believe that even such as John Turnow deserves his place in history, and Bill Kelly has done an admirable job in presenting his case. I hope to see more of his work in your publication.

Best wishes,
Kerry Ross Boren
(Founder & First President)
National Association and Center for Outlaw and Lawman History
in affiliation with Utah State University
Logan, Utah
3080 Cortney Dr.
Salt Lake City, UT 84120

BULLETIN BOARD...

Dear Editor,

The Indian Territory Treasure Hunters Club Inc. (ITTHC) is in the process of organizing its 6th annual National Treasure Hunt. It is to be held on Sunday, May 30, 1976, at the intersection of Apache and Harvard, Tulsa, Okla., starting at 9:30 A.M.

Entry Fees

Both main hunts - one fee $15.00 early and $25.00 late.
Competition hunt $5.00 early and $10.00 late. Pays 80%of cash take-in. Pays 5 places.
Children's hunt $3.50 early and $5.00 late. (12 years and under)
Cutoff date for early entry is midnight May 1, 1976.
The more early entries we have, the more coins will be buried.
All silver coins buried, except children's hunt, will be mixed with clad.

For more information contact:

Jim Webb
ITTHC
P.O. Box 15061
Tulsa, OK 74115

We are looking forward to a fine hunt, hope to see you there.

Jim Webb, Hunt Chairman

(Ed. note: The following is reprinted from an article that appeared in THE FRESNO GUIDE, a Fresno, California newspaper. The article and Mrs. Simonsen's subsequent letter provide some interesting food for thought.)

LURE OF GOLD
DREAM OF RICHES ABOUT TO BECOME A REAL NIGHTMARE

The lure of gold and the dream of someday striking it rich has been a part of America's heritage almost since it was born.

That dream is becoming a nightmare for literally thousands of mining enthusiasts throughout the country however, as a bill pending before Congress threatens to remove this pasttime from those available to "the little guy" in America.

The bill is HR3485, introduced by Hawaii's Patsy Mink. It would remove most of the mining and mineral rights currently enjoyed by the population, placing strict and expensive restrictions on all kinds of mineral extraction.

"Anyone who takes any kind of mineral from the earth will be affected," said Ed Key, a local mining enthusiast concerned about the bill. "Even people who have those metal detectors, or rockhounds or treasure hunters."

Key said Mrs. Mink's bill would make mining too expensive for anyone but the biggest, most heavily - financed companies.

"First of all you would have to apply for a permit to even hunt for gold," he said. "If they didn't feel like giving you one there would be nothing you could do about it. Then they would make the filing of a claim so expensive that you couldn't do it anyway."

Key said claim filing would involve core drilling, environmental assessments, geologic studies and surveying.

"I've checked out some of these costs and it could run a simple claim anywhere from $5,000 to $25,000," he said. "And then to top it off, after you've gone to all this expense, you have to put the claim out to bid. If someone comes in with a higher bid than you, they can walk away with the whole thing."

Key said the simple act of panning gold from a foothill stream could net the panner six months in jail or a $1,000 fine, if he didn't have a prospecting permit.

"This is ridiculous," he said. "I can make a living working my claims. But if this law goes through it will run me and a lot of other people right out of business."

Key said he knows of "a couple of hundred" active miners in the Fresno area and estimates there are between two and three thousand in Central California. He said filing a claim is fairly simple, although there are requirements for upkeep, investment and taxes on the claim.

More than 100 million ounces of gold were mind from California soils between 1848 and 1965, according to the Gold Prospectors Association of America. Since 1965, mining has stepped up its pace as the value of gold increases.

An estimated 121,000 ounces of placer gold was recovered along the banks of the San Joaquin River in Fresno County alone between 1880 and 1959. Placer gold is that which settles freely near the surface and is usually panned or sluiced from streams. Lode gold is that which is mined from hardrock.

"I could make about $100 a day on my claims if I worked at it steady," said Key. "That may not seem like a whole lot to a big

(continued on page 62)

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

- The amazing power you now possess
- How to get something for nothing
- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
- You can get rich quickly and easily
- "Instant" money can be yours
- A magic spell that works living miracles
- How this secret can bring you anything you desire
- Help from the invisible world
- How to "Tune In" on the secret thoughts of others
- The greatest love spell of all
- Formula for a happy marriage
- How to dissolve all kinds of evil
- How to win the future of your choice

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☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON
Father Of The West

by William Wingfield

Our Bicentennial celebration will largely focus on the thirteen original Colonies and the Founding Fathers. But the eyes of one of those Founding Fathers looked westward; and when Thomas Jefferson later became President of the United States, a transaction was made which doubled the size of the new country.

In the late hours of the evening, in a large unfinished mansion amidst swamps on the edge of the wilderness, a tall middle-age rancher and a young Army officer sat plotting.

The tall, lanky, red-headed rancher was the President of the United States. The large unfinished mansion is now known as the White House. The young Army officer was President Jefferson's secretary, Capt. Meriwether Lewis.

Their subject was grandiose — no less than seizing what is now considered the Western United States.

This visionary dream of President Thomas Jefferson has now succeeded as no empire since that of Augustus Caesar.

In contrast, the grandiose French Empire, created by the egoism of Jefferson's bombastic contemporary, Napoleon Bonaparte, crumbled into ashes even in Napoleon's own lifetime.

If one assumes that the "west" begins at the Mississippi River, then the "west" is the gift to the American people from Thomas Jefferson. Though the rancher never saw "the west" personally, he certainly must be considered "the Father of the West."

It was Jefferson who acquired half of it; it was Jefferson who opened the door for conquest of the other half; it was Jefferson who was responsible for its exploration and settlement.

Looking westward was natural for Thomas Jefferson. He was a "child of the west" as much as its father. When he was a mere boy, his part of Virginia was then the western frontier.

People didn't call men such as Thomas Jefferson "ranchers" in those days. Yet that is what he really was. His beautiful mountain-top home of Monticello was basically a ranch house. That is what it would have been called if it had been in Texas or California, instead of Virginia.

As a young boy, what are now stories and legends of the American frontier were real for Tom Jefferson. His father had come to the wilderness like Daniel Boone and hewed a home out of the forests. His father, Peter Jefferson, was a regular Paul Bunyan. A giant of a man, Peter Jefferson was one of the explorers, mappers and surveyors of the Virginia wilderness. Among his colleagues was a promising young adventurer named George Washington.

From time to time, Indian tribes dropped out of the woods to "pow-wow" with their good friend, Peter Jefferson. Young Tom was always enchanted to see the Indians. They were romantic, exotic, exciting people. When he sent Lewis and Clark on their great expedition, his specific instructions were to establish good relations with the Indians they would meet.

Though he could match any of the rich snobs of Williamsburg, New York, Boston, Philadelphia or any of the titled phonies of Paris for grace, elegance, sophistication or learning, Jefferson's heart was always in the west.

The westerners, thought Jefferson, were the ones who exemplified the true American spirit of practical democracy. They were the ones who would make this nation different from France or England.

Following the Revolution, many of the eastern states, especially Virginia, held sizable areas between the Appalachian Mountains and the Mississippi River. To diminish rivalry and power politics, these states agreed to relinquish these lands to the new government.

What should be done with them?

Logically, and from past experience, they should have been administered as colonies by the new government. But that was exactly what led the 13 Colonies to revolt against the government in London in the first place.

The answer came from Thomas Jefferson. When these western lands reached a sufficient population to enable them to conduct their own government, they would be admitted to the Union as full-fledged states. They would be the equal in every way of already existing states. For the first time in world history, a mighty empire was created where "colonists" were absolutely legally equal to those at home, and they fully shared in the government.

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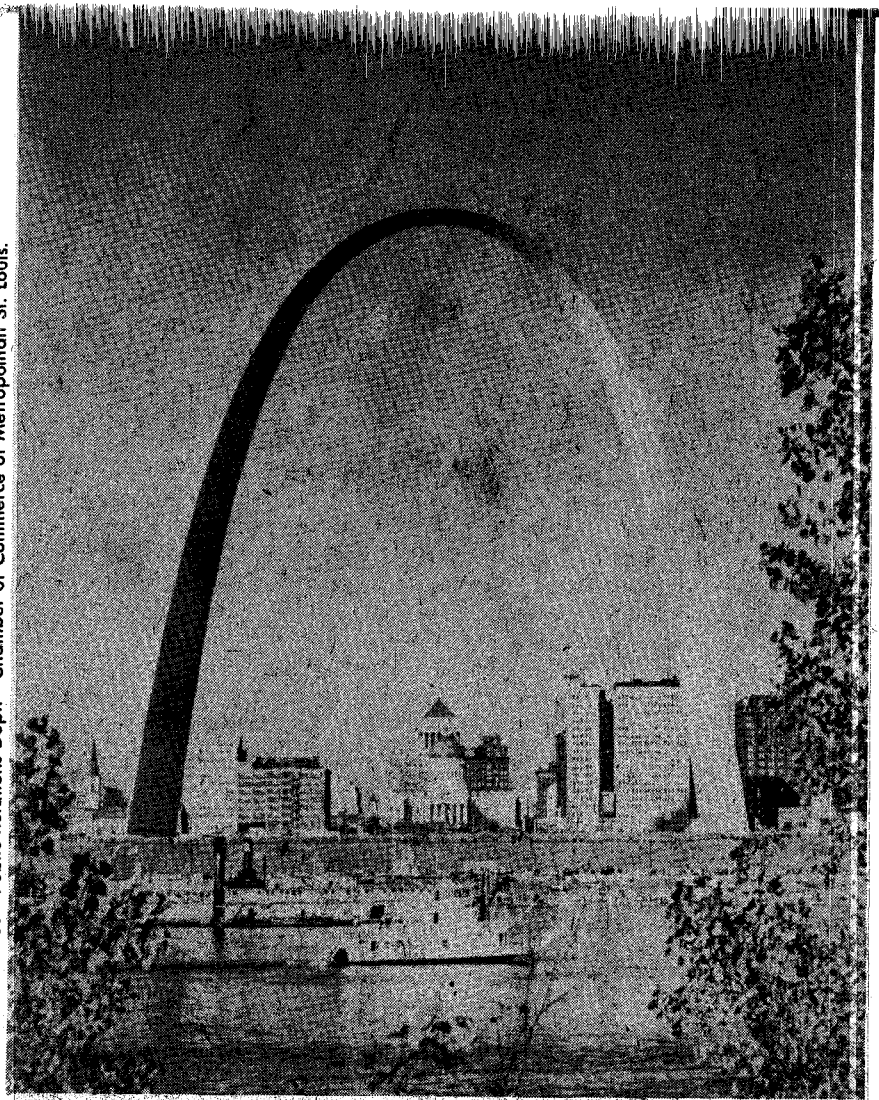

St. Louis Committee - Public Relations Dept. - Chamber of Commerce of Metropolitan St. Louis.

Jefferson Memorial Arch at St. Louis, MO. The arch symbolizes the portals opened by President Jefferson through which settlers poured into the West.

Jefferson's proposal became known as the Northwest Ordinance. It later proved the instrument of government for the lands Jefferson would acquire across the Mississippi.

Jefferson even wanted to put the new nation's capitol out west. He wanted it in an environment subject to the democratic influences of the west, rather than among rich snobs of the older cities.

Having won the Revolution, some of the leaders of the new nation seemed to have become Tories in everything but name. Having won independence from England, some, such as Alexander Hamilton and other members of the new Federalist political party, seemed to want to make America exactly like England.

To get the capitol placed in the west took some jobbing by Jefferson.

Hamilton, as George Washington's Secretary of Treasury, has made his own contribution to the United States. Of paramount importance was the stability of the government. To obtain this stability, Hamilton insisted on the new government assuming and paying off Revolutionary War debts at face value.

Jefferson supporters protested that this would be a landfall for speculators. Yet Jefferson did realize that ethically it had to be done.

So Jefferson and Hamilton struck a compromise. Jefferson would back assumption of war debts in exhange for placing the capitol on the western frontier.

(It seems laughable now to consider Washington, D.C. a "western city," but when Jefferson picked the site, it really was "out west.")

The free and democratic spirit of the west was proven when it looked as if America was heading for war with Revolutionary France.

The Federalist government feared not only French aggression but also subversion at home. The administration feared that friends of France might start a French-style revolution in America and bring their own reign of terror.

To prevent it, the Federalists passed the Alien and Sedition Acts, making it, among other things, a crime to criticize President John Adams.

Opposition to these acts came from Kentucky. Free speech was a way of life in frontier Kentucky, without anyone asking. The Kentucky legislature passed resolutions personally drafted by Jefferson, declaring such acts unconstitutional and therefore null and void in Kentucky. The Virginia legislature soon followed suit.

The irony of Federalist fears was the total contrast between the results in America and France. In France, the Revolution carried Napoleon to power. In America, related ferment resulted in the election of Thomas Jefferson.

Napoleon seemed able to turn his delusions of grandeur into reality. Not the least of Napoleon's dreams was a huge empire in America.

Since 1763, New Orleans and the lands west of the Mississippi River had been held by a weakened Spain. In 1800, at the Treaty of San Ildefonso, the Spanish king transferred New Orleans and all the lands between the Mississippi and the Rockies, except for Texas, to Napoleon.

Americans, pouring into Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and other trans-Appalachian areas, used the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers as the sole channels of commerce and communication. Under Napoleon, the portals at New Orleans would clang shut to Americans. The whole Mississippi would be closed to American commerce. Americans west of the Appalachians might be forced to secede and join Napoleon.

In a letter to Robert R. Livingston, U.S. minister to France, the worried President spelled out his concern: "The day that France takes possession of New Orleans ... From that moment, we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation..."

Harsh words, shocking words, frightful words coming from the author of the Declaration of Independence.

To follow up this letter, Jefferson sent James Monroe, a future President, to France to assist Livingston in possibly buying New Orleans from Napoleon. Monroe was authorized to offer Napoleon $7.5 million for New Orleans and Florida, or about 33 million francs for New Orleans alone.

Meanwhile, Napoleon started having his own troubles. The French overseas empire became unhinged at its keystone, Haiti. Revolt flamed under Toussaint L'Ouverture. It couldn't be suppressed because Lord Nelson was at sea. Nelson handed

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Napoleon a stunning sea defeat at Copenhagen and was blockading the French fleet at Toulon.

In plain fact, the American President had already wed himself to the British fleet. With dismay, the French tyrant realized that it was not practical to build an American empire.

On April 12, 1803, the day before Jefferson's birthday, Napoleon's foreign minister, Talleyrand, approached Livingston. After asking for a bribe, Talleyrand asked if Jefferson would like to buy all of Louisiana.

After getting over their initial surprise, Jefferson, Livingston and Monroe agreed that it was an offer that couldn't be refused. The offer was so vast and so incomprehensible that there was some question as to its legality. Nothing in the Constitution said anything about buying whole empires. Jefferson later admitted that he had to stretch the Constitution and his own beliefs a bit, because the offer was too good to turn down.

On May 2 Napoleon, Livingston and Monroe signed a treaty selling all Louisiana to America for $15 million. On Oct. 17, 1803, the U.S. Senate ratified the treaty.

Now Jefferson would open the door to the West with exploration and settlement. Now he would even cast his eyes to California and the Pacific Coast.

On his orders, the famed and romantic Lewis and Clark expedition set out to explore the northern reaches of the new empire. Along with Jefferson's own secretary, Meriwether Lewis, the expedition was headed by Capt. William Clark, younger brother of Revolutionary War hero George Rogers Clark.

Jefferson hoped Lewis Clark might find a practical route to the Pacific Ocean. The "Northwest Passage" had been an elusive dream ever since the discovery of the continent. Stories of a large navigable river to the Pacific abounded.

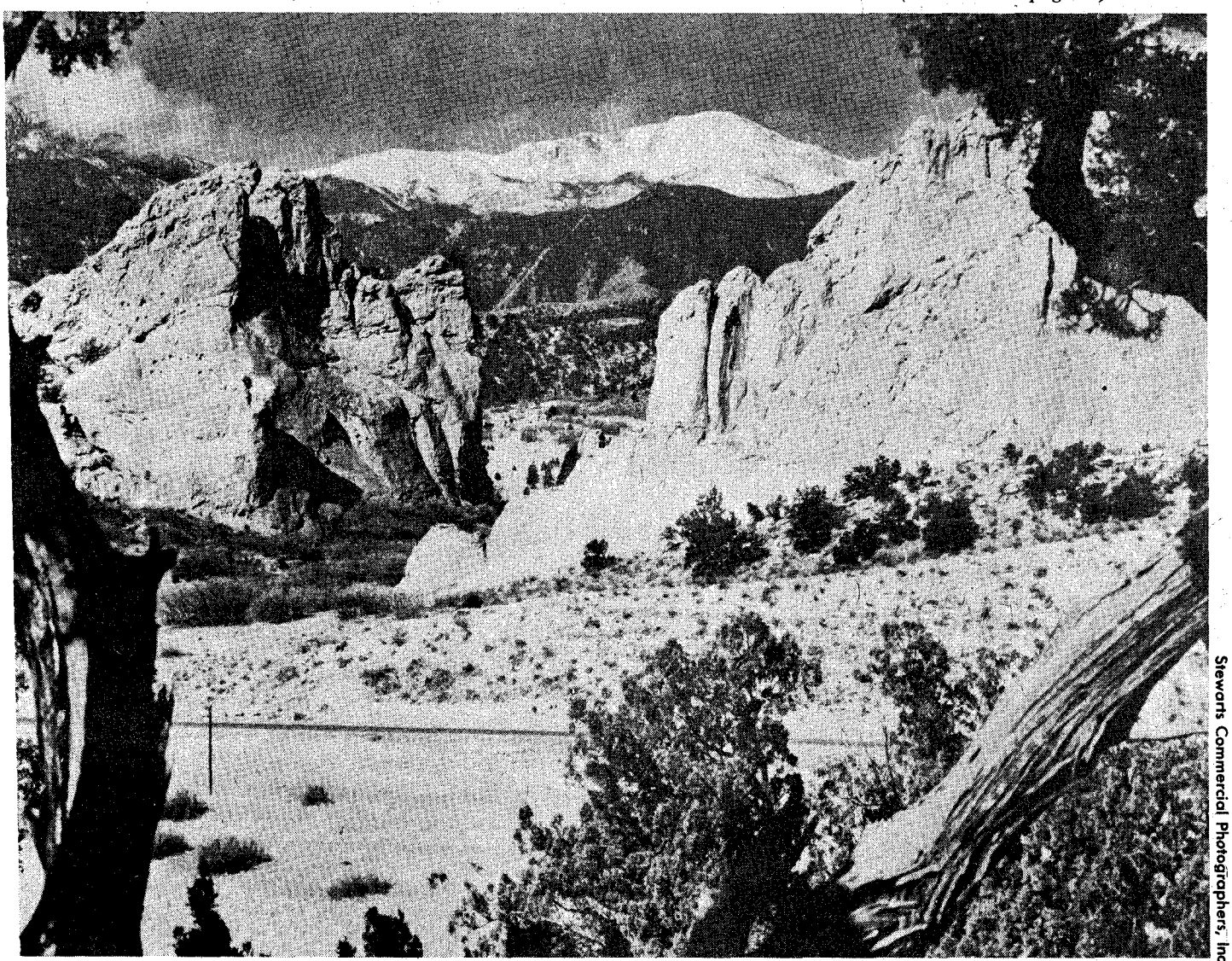
There were plenty of other fantastic stories about the new land, including mountains of solid salt or solid glass. Curiously, in light of these strange stories, one place Lewis and Clark missed is what is now Yellowstone National Park. They even made camp on the Yellowstone River, without following it through to the parksite. Then they proceeded up the Missouri River to the point where it is formed by three rivers coming together.

These three rivers are now named the Jefferson, the Madison and the Gallatin, after the President, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of Treasury. The Madison and Gallatin Rivers come out of Yellowstone.

The explorers followed the Jefferson as the largest river. Then they picked up the Snake River.

At last, they came down the Columbia River to the coast. They fulfilled part of Jefferson's dream by

(continued on page 64)



Stewarts Commercial Photographers, Inc.

Pike's Peak, Colorado. Photo from, Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce. Pike's Peak was discovered by Zebulon Pike while acting under orders from President Thomas Jefferson. Colorado was originally known as Jefferson Territory.

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THE SIGNPAINTER HAD HIS DAY IN THE OLD WEST

by Lois Ryker

Photographs of early Western towns and cities have held a curious fascination for many people. Chief points of interest are the large and varied signs which indicated the different places of business. In the days of basic advertising (before radio and TV), the professional signpainter had a significant role in the setting of the West. Here is the story of one of them.

Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

A painter's own sign showing his skill with various lettering.

Probably one of the most important trades in the settling of the West, and one of the least publicized, was that of the signpainter. Newly established businesses in town or camp advertised their trades or wares with signs.

The more prosperous the business, the more elegant the sign in an era where curlicues, script, gilt and lavishness were rampant. Only the professional signpainter could produce these. This is where the signpainter, coming into camp with the hordes, found himself in a lucrative business. Very often he was the only one, and he monopolized the opportunity without challenge.

Nap O. Valliant was one such enterprising gent. From Chicago he came out to Bozeman, Montana Territory, just as it was settled. Although the gold and copper mines were discovered some twenty years before, settlement of the wide open spaces and the Rockies didn't commence until the '80s. The train came as far as Livingston on the Yellowstone River. From there the stagecoaches handled the traffic for all points west.

When Valliant left his wife and two young ones in Chicago to come west, it was the spring of 1880. The river was at flood stage. When fording it, the rushing waters washed over the boot, grabbing all the luggage. It was lost downstream forever. Valliant's trunk of personal effects was gone. He had only the clothes on his back, his money belt, and the very necessary tools of his trade — his box of brushes, wooden caliper and mahl stick. It was almost as if his sixth sense told him not to let these out of his hands during the trip.

He found the tent city of Bozeman crowded with the mob of transients and fresh settlers, or goldseekers headed for Last Chance Gulch in Helena, or Alder Gulch on Grasshopper Creek. He bought a tent and was soon in business, with his own sign prominently displayed, "N.O. VALLIANT, SIGNS." He had customers before the hour was over. He named his own prices and collected the same without a quibble. It was easy to see that he was an expert at his trade.

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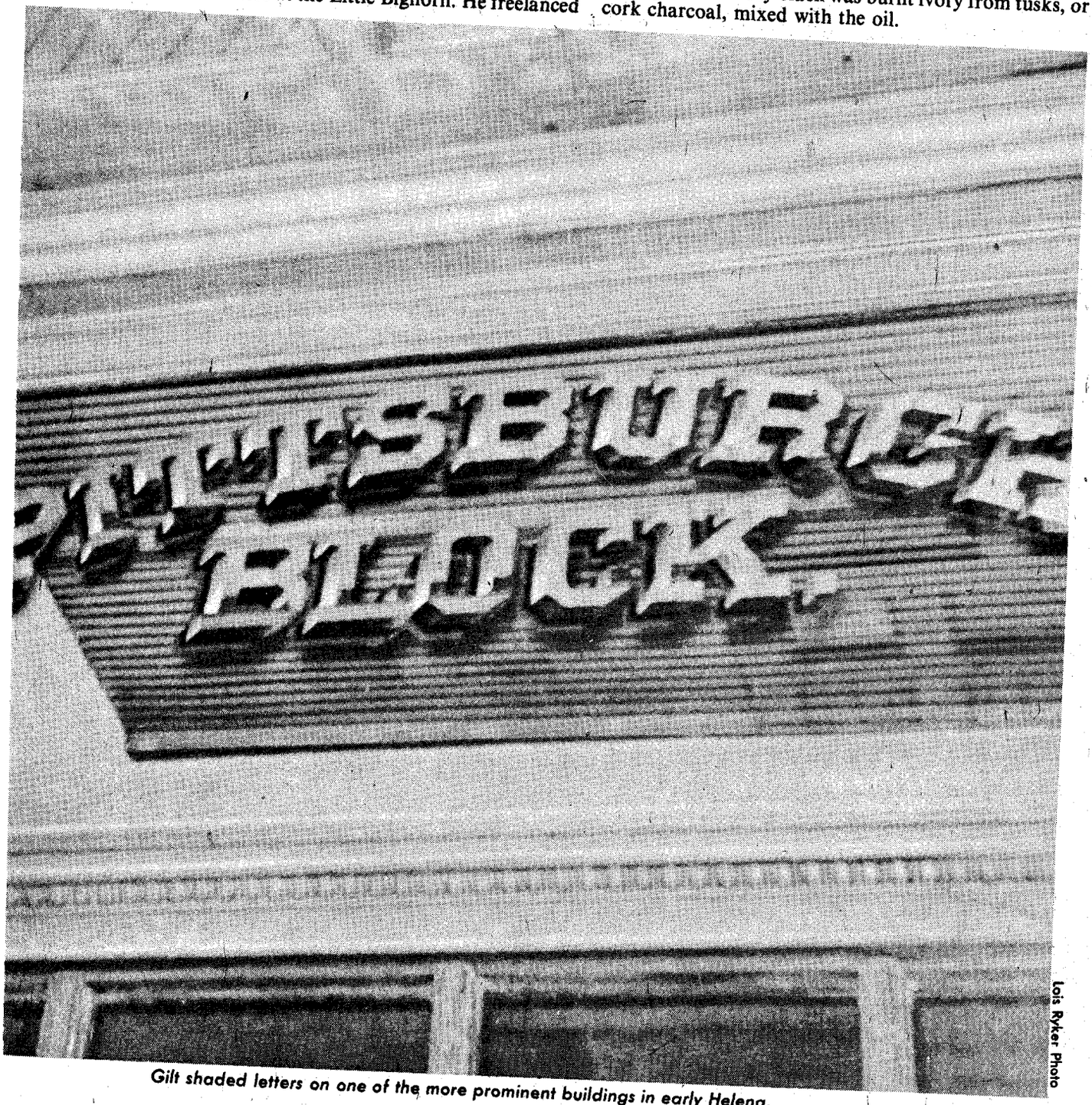
Two years later, when he'd built a small house, he sent for his wife, Lydia Stebbins Valliant, son Edwin, and daughter Eva. In 1882 the tracks were laid as far as Bozeman, and the family took the long week out, sleeping and eating on the coach.

As with many signpainters of his time, Valliant learned his trade as an apprentice in the Pullman railroad shops, where George M. Pullman built his sleeper cars and formed the worker's town that bore his name. It was later incorporated into the city of Chicago. Pullman's sleeper and dining cars were the first to be used consistently by the railroads. The gilt scrollwork *"Pullman"* could be seen on sleeper cars until late years.

When Valliant was sufficiently adept, he returned to Chicago and married Lydia on June 25, 1876, the very day of Custer's Massacre at the Little Bighorn. He freelanced from his own shop and never worked for another.

In 1884 the Valliants moved to Helena, where he again set up shop and had a thriving business. His signs were seen all over the capital city. Until recent years some were still evident, as the gilt block letters of the Pittsburgh Block on the transom above the door in the foyer.

He mixed his own colors from the tins of basic hues and white lead, thinning them with linseed oil. A signpainter had to know the correct admixture of some 140-plus combinations to get the proper colors for his signs. He memorized the proper proportions, mixing violet, bright blue-green or deep orange without guesswork. White lead mixed with the basics made tints; ivory black or lamp black made the darker shades. Lamp black from soot, mixed with oil, was flat. The painter added Prussian blue to brighten it. Ivory black was burnt ivory from tusks, or cork charcoal, mixed with the oil.



Lois Ryker Photo

Gilt shaded letters on one of the more prominent buildings in early Helena.

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In these early years the tins of white lead came in kegs of 12, 15, 25, 50 or 100 lbs. The hues came in one-pound tins. Valliant's shop had the commingled odors of paint, oils, oilcloth and muslin, and wood. He used many mediums for his signs and showcards, depending upon the customer's use.

Original colors in those years came from earth clay for the yellowish-brown sienna which, when roasted, produced a good red-brown, called burnt sienna. Carmine was extracted from the dried bodies of the female of the scaled cochinela bug that thrived on the cacti of Mexico. Other hues came from various other sources.

His brushes were special for a particular job — a camel's hair for fine-line work, or flat bore's hair or bristle brushes for large letters, or for varnishing the completed sign. Oily rags or oily coveralls were hung from pegs to air. All benzines were kept outside the shop for safety. Fire was the greatest hazard for a signpainter.

A professional signpainter knew some thirty different styles of letters, from the Spencerian script to the basic thick-and-thin Roman letters, from the fancy Spike Spur French to the heavy block letters. In this era of the '90s and early 1900s, scrollwork and entwining ribbons enhanced the better signs.

The professional also knew the proper spacing of letters. The round tops and bottoms of the "S" and "O" were a little above and below the line. Single-space "I" placed closer to the others to give better balance for the eye. The signpainter chalked in suggested letters before he began to paint. He knew exactly where each letter went on the chalked line; he never guessed or trusted to luck that there wouldn't be room for the word.

He was exacting in painting a circle with his caliper, or using his mahl stick to steady his hand for straight lines or vertical letters. The finished product showed this. Valliant was in great demand in the capital city and never went begging for work.

Before electric lights were installed, the gaslight held some danger for the paint shop. As soon as the place was wired, he converted to the cord hanging down with its green shade over the globe, a distinct advantage to his trade. This was one boon Edison hadn't contemplated.

The history of man's experiment with such communication goes back to ancient times and the market place. A merchant displayed a crude emblem of his wares on stone or dabbing with berryjuice or burnt cork for the illiterate public. Soon various establishments had pictorial signs. One uncovered in Roman excavations illustrated a door with a boy being whipped by the schoolmaster. This was the seat of education.

Eventually trades were grouped together in the market place, and the proper signs gave the name to the street where tailors or dairymen were located. The names also became synonymous with the families' trades.

Such signs were exposed to weather and often deteriorated. Eventually ironwork, silhouetting the product, was used. These hung from posts, or the doorframe, or were fastened to the wall of the business. England's merchants used intricately designed ironwork. Merchants of France advertised with banners. England's Charles I saw hope for revenue for his coffers by taxing the tradesmen, giving him a permit to hang his sign. If he saw a reason to close the man's business, he simply ordered his sign confiscated. In the West the new signpainter needed no license, only the ability of his art.

The evolution of the printed word, begun with the Greek alpha and beta, has been complex and involved. Yet the alphabet we know has endured for some 3500 years, and includes derivations from the Arabic and Phoenician. The English, Germans and French created very elaborately decorated letters in their printed books as well as signs. These were further enhanced by the use of gilt.

Lois Ryker Photo

N.O. Valliant before his own shop in Helena, MT at 73, a year before his death, 1921.

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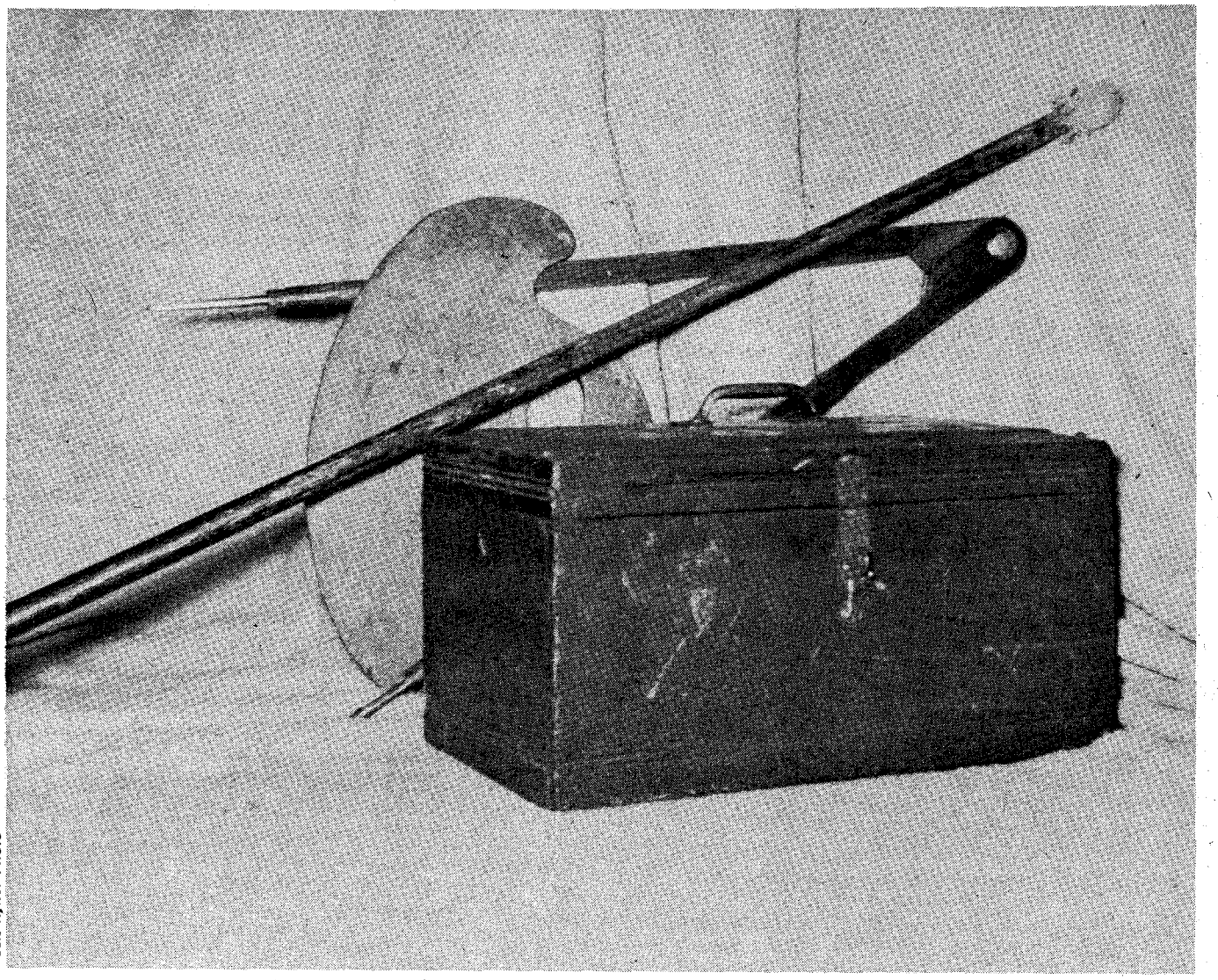

Lois Ryker Photo

The tools of Valliant's trade brought to Bozeman in 1880, still in possession of the Valliant Family, now residing in Spokane, Washington. The Mahl stick had a daub of chamois skin on the end. Held by the painter's left hand, the daub was held to the sign as the painter raised or lowered the stick on which his right wrist or arm rested to steady his brush strokes. The palette was used to mix small amounts of paint for showcards.

The expensive gilt signs displayed the skill of the signpainter best. Gold leaf came in a book of rice paper, 24 leaves of 3¼ inches square, twenty books to a pack. Of 22-carat fine, the leaf was extremely delicate and crumbled at a touch. The painter drew his brush through his hair, picking up electricity, touched a bit of gold leaf which snapped to it, and carried the leaf to the prepared sign, where a ribbon of glue outlined the black letter. He was careful to overlap the leaf, much as a shingler applies house shingles. Excess leaf was daubed off with a wad of cotton which was later rubbed over a fine screen into a container to salvage it for further use.

Painted on cleaned glass the outlined letter was pumiced on with a stenciled, thin wax paper. Usually the black letters were painted first, then the gilt was added after these dried. After the sign was completely dry, the painter returned two weeks later to varnish the entire back to protect it. His price for these elaborate signs was around $250 for those early merchants, saloonkeepers and innkeepers. When the cathedral's crosses needed re-gilding in Helena, Valliant and his son, Ed, did the job with $75 worth of gold leaf. Recently crosses on the cathedral in Spokane, Washington used four hundred dollars' worth.

Ed learned the trade from his father. However, he followed it only as an avocation and went into a

Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

Undecorated easily read sign for a Wells Fargo Company express office

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bicycle and machine shop for his main career. But as a young man he took long bicycle trips with his friends to the various towns along the dirt roads as yet unencumbered by auto traffic. Arriving there, hungry and broke, his buddies settled down against the safe wall and looked expectantly to "Val," as he became known.

"Do your bit. We'll wait, Val."

Val wheeled on down to painter's row. An aged signpainter was making several showcard signs for the Freemason's supper. Val offered to finish the chore for a couple of dollars. The old fellow was glad for the respite so he could visit the saloon up the street. When he came back, the job was done. He paid Val who took his friends into the cafe for happy gorging.

Man evolved his method of communication from visual silhouettes to the professionally painted signs of the West, to the brilliant neon signs of today. Now he's devised the quickly spotted pictorial silhouettes on the road signs, pedestrian crossing, deer crossing, S-curves, road crossings, and even fan, lights, etc. insignia on the car's dash. Man has come full circle, it seems. Yet the signpainter of the west gave his bit with ornamented and elaborate signs for the new merchants, saloonkeepers and liveries, whose affluent business was indicated by its professional quality.

●RW

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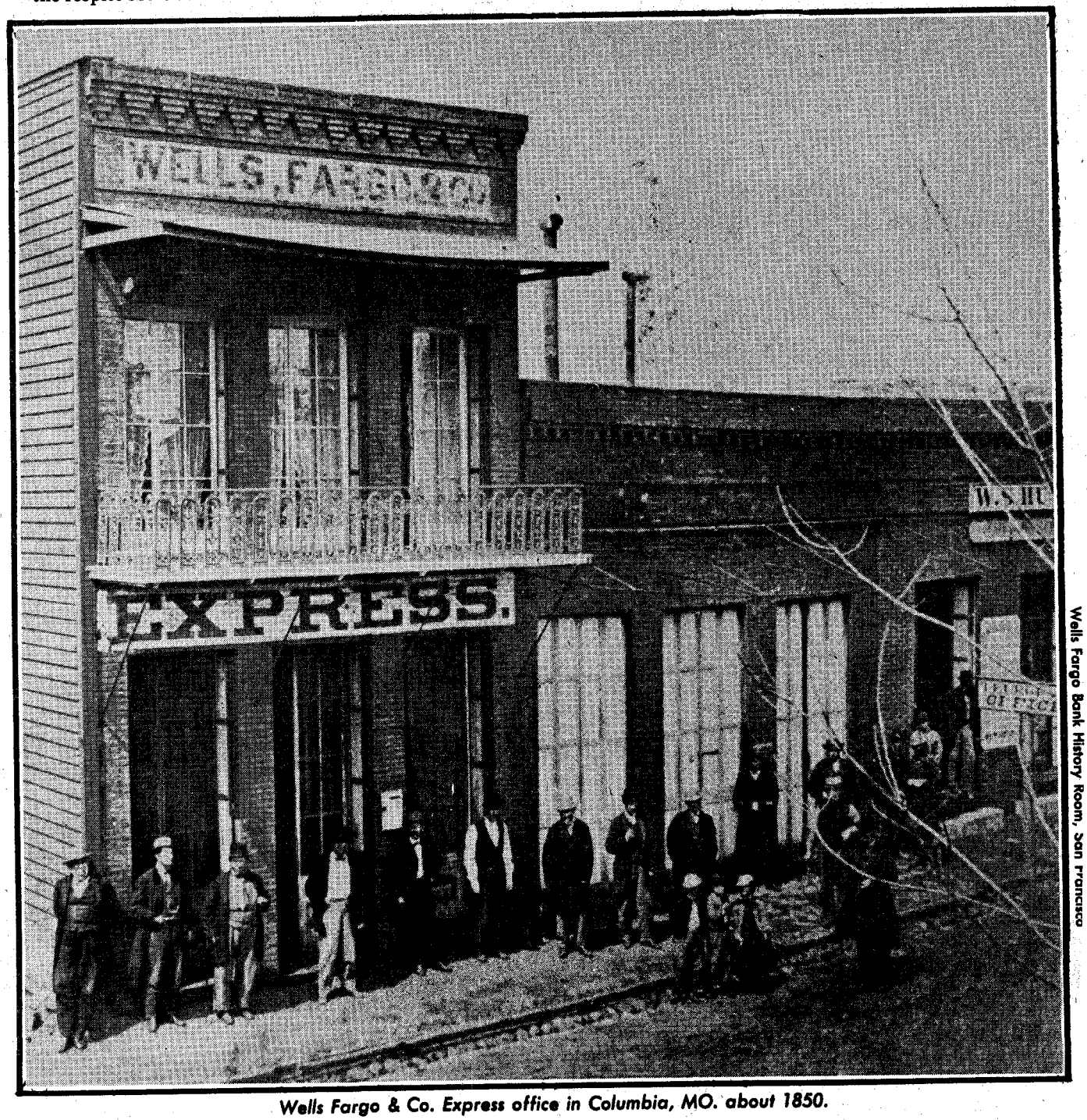
Signpainting Up To Now, Frank H. Atkinson, 1909.

Personal notes from the Edwin O. Valliant family.



Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

Wells Fargo & Co. Express office in Columbia, MO. about 1850.

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ROBBERY Of The ALEX, MITCHELL & CO. BANK

by Carl W. Breihan

On October 30, 1866, between 12 and 1 o'clock, the banking house of Alex, Mitchell & Co. in Lexington, Missouri, was robbed to the amount of $2,011.50, all in currency: one $100 bill, one $50 bill, and the balance in smaller notes.

The robbers were four in number and chose the dinner hour to carry out their bold plans, when no one was in the bank except J.L. Thomas, the clerk. Mr. Thomas, a few minutes before the outlaws entered the building, was standing in the doorway, and he noticed several strangers approaching, talking in earnest conversation. He thought they were coming into the bank, so he stepped back into the office, sat down at his desk, and was writing a letter when they entered.

One of the men placed a $50 bill on his desk and asked for the discount on it. Mr. Thomas immediately saw that the bill was one no longer of any value, and he also noticed the sneering manner in which the request had been made.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, we do not purchase those kinds of bills anymore," he explaind.

While Mr. Thomas was speaking, two other rough-looking men entered the bank, and before he was aware of it, Mr. Thomas had two heavy pistols aimed at his heart.

"What's the meaning of this? You don't have to go to such extremes to try and cash a worthless bill."

The men laughed.

"You'll be shot dead if you resist. We don't give a damn about this bill; we want the money in this bank."

One of the bandits took several thousand dollars from the cash drawer and stuffed it into a burlap sack he was carrying.

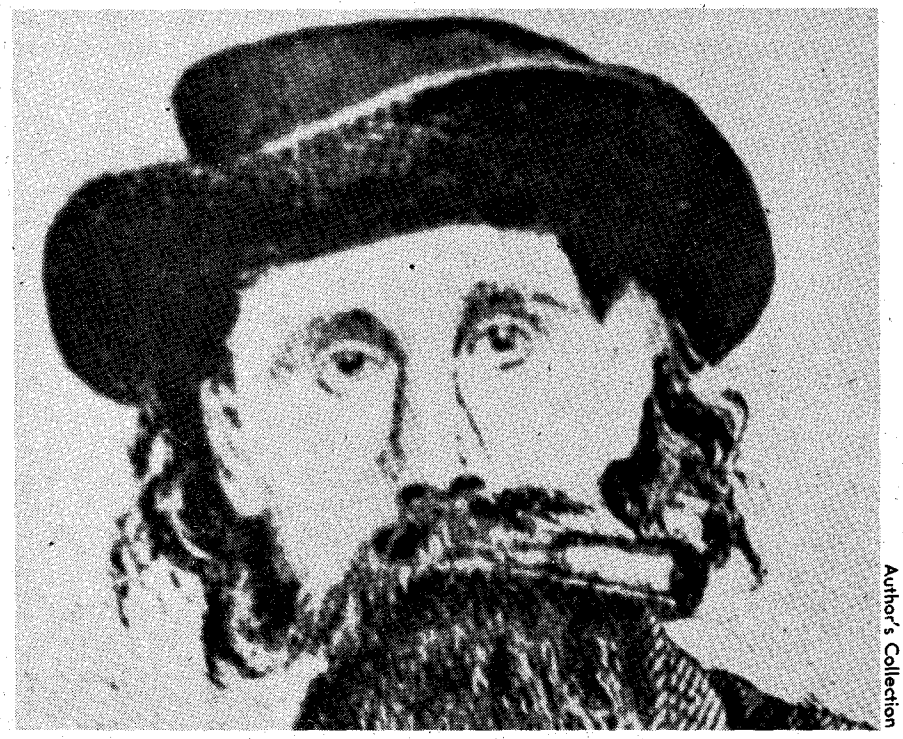
"Damn you," said one of the bandits, "there's over $100,000 in this place and we want it quick."

"Yes, and you'll die if you don't produce it," said another.

"There ain't no such money here," pleaded the frightened clerk.

The robbers proceeded to search his pockets for the vault key, but not finding it, they again said he must furnish it or they would kill him.

"You can kill me, yes, but it won't get you any more money because there isn't any more here," said the man.



Author's Collection

Dave Poole

Unable to locate the vault key and unable to budge the door, the frustrated bandits walked to the alley nearby, where their horses were tied. They soon had ridden out of sight.

The alarm was quicky given, and in a little while several men were in pursuit of the bold robbers, among them David and John Poole, James Cather, Hedge Reynolds, and Jesse Hamlet. The escaping bandits took the road to Wellington, but how far they followed this road never was determined. Dave and John Poole came in view of them after a hard ride of several miles, and fired on them. But the outlaw party, then increased to five men on fleet horses, could not be taken.

The robbery caused great excitement in the area since nothing of that sort had occurred in the vicinity since the daring robbery of the bank at Liberty, Missouri, in Feburary of the same year. Mr. Thomas could not identify any of the men; he had never seen any of them before. It was quickly thought that some holdovers of the Kansas Redlegs or some of the ex-Quantrillians had committed the crime. Many such men had been seen prowling around the Missouri towns at that time. However, the bank authorities made no effort to have anyone arrested.

As one citizen said, "The robbers always had better horses than those who pursued them, and it is always a forgone conclusion that they will escape."

Mr. Thomas stated the robbers were all young men, under age 35. One, he said, weighed about 160 pounds, was 5 feet 6 or 7 inches tall, had black hair and eyes, and was about 23 years old. Another was 5 feet 10 inches tall, had light hair and whiskers, and weighed about 160 pounds; he was about 30 or 35 years old. Another had black hair and eyes, was slender and sallow, weighed about 140 pounds, and was about 5 feet 10 inches tall. The last he did not

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Real West Movie Hall Of Fame

ROY ROGERS

by Mario DeMarco

It's difficult to imagine, but Roy Rogers has been a star for over 40 years — difficult for many of the Rogers fans because it seemed like only yesterday that he was riding, shooting, and bagging bad guys on the "silver screen," and was hailed as "King of the Cowboys." Roy has been gifted with eternal youth; he hasn't changed much at all since he was tops in his field at Republic Studios — only a little more mature, which is a credit to him now. I met Roy during the War years in the early '40s several times, and also after he hung up his spurs and six-shooters.

He was soft-spoken and kind then, and hasn't changed at all through the years. He's done several commercials with his lovely wife, Dale, which have brought nostalgic feelings to his many millions of fans who had watched both of them in pictures when they were youngsters. His museum at Apple Valley, California contains many mementos of his early starring years; but besides Roy and his wife, "Trigger" is the main attraction. Not that the great palomino is alive now, he's been stuffed and has become the center of attraction, and is still popular as ever with both children and adults.

Roy Rogers was born Leonard Slye on November 5, 1912 in Cincinnati, Ohio. His parents were part Choctaw Indian, Scotch-Irish and German. During his high-school days, he had a number of jobs — working as a truck driver, in a shoe factory and was a fruit picker in California. Music came early to young Leonard. Having learned to play the guitar, he and a cousin formed a singing team. Deciding that music was his way to fame, he changed his name to Dick Weston and joined up with Bob Nolan and his singing cowboys, known as the "Sons of the Pioneers" (later to become one of the finest singing groups in the nation), which also included Hugh Farr and Tim Spencer. The quartet got their break when they landed a spot on radio station KFWB in Los Angeles. Later on, Pat Brady was added to the group for comic relief.

He and the group played in some of Charles Starrett's Columbia westerns, as well as in some of the pictures at Republic Studios, whose main star at the time was Gene Autry. It was at the time when musical westerns were the big attraction in the theaters, and the studios were searching for star material to compete against Republic's Gene Autry. Universal Studios threw their Stetson into the race by auditioning for musical talent. Dick Weston tried out for it, but lost to a young, good-looking cowboy named Bob Baker. While others would have gotten discouraged, Weston did the next best thing: he took small parts in Republic's westerns. In 1937 he landed a contract with them at $75 a week. The move proved to be the best for both the Studio and the young star.

Changing his name to Roy Rogers, his first starring vehicle was *Under the Western Stars* in 1938. The fans took to Roy and began writing fan mail to the studio. Republic soon knew that they had another great singing star and gave Roy a star build-up. The move proved successful, and Rogers' pictures zoomed him into third place on the list of top ten western stars of 1939, '40 and '41. In 1942 he climbed into second place. At year's end Gene Autry entered the service in the U.S. Air Corps, and Roy took over as "King of the Cowboys," a title which he kept even until B westerns ceased being produced in the '50s. The studio began pouring more capital into his pictures, which in turn made money for them because the fans, both young and old, flocked to the theaters to see him.

Gabby Hayes, a veteran of western films, was the sidekick in 47 of Roy's films. Roy's beautiful palomino, Trigger, was also given a star build-up and termed "the smartest horse in the movies." From 1943 through 1954, Roy was voted the number one money-making western star.

At the decline of the B westerns, Roy switched over to television, along with his wife, Dale, who also had co-starred with him in many of his films, and they managed to turn out over 100 shows. Pat Brady was the comedy relief in them also.

In 1958 Roy suffered a heart-artery constriction and had to limit his activities. He and Dale appear in four or five specials,

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THE REAL GENERAL CUSTER

by Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger

June 25-26, 1976 marks the centennial of the battle of the Little Bighorn. Our offering to its memory deals with the character and personality of the man who led the Seventh Cavalry into action.

Denver Public Library, Western History Department Photo by D.F. Barry.

General George A. Custer

It was the very first chapel service of the new term at West Point, and the stately sanctuary was well filled with eager, serious young faces. That is, most of them were serious, until a disturbance broke out in the vicinity of a certain plebe, a thin, wiry youngster with bright, light-lashed, merry blues eyes under a mop of copper-colored curls, and a mischievous face that was a mass of freckles.

Luck had seated this individual behind a boy with fiery red hair, and even in an imposing house of worship, the Devil was victorious. The irrepressible plebe, who was a blacksmith's son, began to blow on the red hair in front of him as though he were working it into a white heat. Then he moved his arms to resemble the motion of a bellows, and the amused attention of everyone who could see what was going on was fastened on the outrageous performance. Chuckles were stifled, then laughs, and then a few of both escaped, which resulted in some utterly mortified cadets being asked to leave the chapel. This incident sounded the keynote for the hilarious West Point career of the guilty plebe, who was none other than George Armstrong Custer.

Could this possibly have been Custer, the grim, pompous Indian fighter, the hero and villain of so many florid tales, the object of endless controversy? Indeed it could. The real General Custer, almost hopelessly buried under a century of pros and cons, was probably nothing like what you would expect. No matter how you feel about him, you may be in for a few surprises.

The incident in the chapel at West Point was nothing new for young Autie Custer, a small-town boy fresh out of Monroe, Michigan. Born in New Rumley, Ohio, on December 5, 1839, Autie was one of the large, struggling family of Emanuel and Maria Custer; a bright, lively, handsome lad, he was the family pet. He fitted right in with a houseful of practical jokers who were always playing tricks on each other, and the little fellow loved fun as much as anybody. Autie was always laughing, his bright blue eyes twinkling with many kinds of mischief, all of which were more likely to be returned in kind than punished. But it was impossible to be angry with Autie, who had far more than his share of charm and could talk his way out of anything.

As a boy, Autie, whose mispronunciation of "Armstrong" became his lifelong nickname among friends and family, learned to do the hard, dirty work of a blacksmith. He was not very big, but he was strong and had the large, powerful hands of his father's trade. But Autie Custer didn't want his father's trade; he was ambitious but lazy, and longed for a career that would offer more excitement, or at least less work. With no money, a haphazard education, and a less than scholarly attitude toward study, his best hope of rising in the world seemed to be admission to West Point — if he could talk his way in. That is exactly what he did, although he may have been aided by the father of a girl he was interested in. The romance was getting too hot, and Papa was really nervous when he saw the poem the young lover had written "To Mary":

"I've seen and kissed that crimson lip
With honied smiles o'erflowing.
Enchanted watched the opening rose
Upon thy soft cheek glowing.
Dear Mary, thy eyes may prove less blue,
Thy beauty fade tomorrow,
But Oh, my heart can ne'er forget
Thy parting look of sorrow."

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Autie Custer at age 17 might have been a bit precocious in some things, but he hardly offered good prospects as a son - in - law. In addition to his extreme youth and his family's poverty and lack of culture, he was known as a madcap who was always pulling pranks and was more than a little fond of the girls. Typical of his escapades was a sleigh ride in which all the boys and girls were wrapped up snugly — too snugly, someone said — in blankets. The sleigh hit a snowbank and overturned, which injured no one, but Autie Custer managed to be the very last boy to emerge from the mass of squealing femininity, among blushes that could be detected even in the dark.

But with all his gaiety and high jinks, Autie managed to pass the stiff entrance exams at the military academy, something which many other boys with superior training were unable to do. Intelligent and gifted, he could usually rise to any challenge, when he decided to.

Unfortunately, behaving "properly" was not a challenge he cared to bother with, so Cadet Custer frequently accumulated nearly enough demerits to be expelled. The limit was 100, and during one term he collected 98; but he always managed to avoid disaster and to pass the necessary exams. Still his pranks were notorious, and he played them on teachers as well as students. Once he asked a Spanish teacher what the term was that meant "Class dismissed." No sooner were the words spoken than the entire class (as prearranged) walked out of the room. Although Custer always managed to squeak by scholastically, had natural leadership ability, and was the most popular man in his class, some instructors began marking off the days until his graduation.

As it was, he almost didn't make it because of some last-minute trouble he got into, for which he was temporarily detained at West Point; but in that crucial year of 1861, young Custer was soon sent to Washington for his first military assignment. He had graduated at the very bottom of his class, apparently among the least likely to succeed in the Army.

Custer's Civil War career is not nearly as famous today as his later Indian wars, but it made headlines in its time. Under the stress of internal warfare, in which so many citizens were reluctant to take arms at all, the troublesome cadet astonished everybody and developed rapidly into one of the leading military figures on the Union side. As green and rebellious as he was, he had

Custer Battlefield Museum

Custer with Scouts, 1873

qualities that are indispensable in a military leader: he was brave, bold, tough, and determined; bursting with vitality and enthusiasm, he had the gift of personal magnetism, or charisma, in abundance. One of his men once commented that even the horses seemed to catch the fire of Custer's electric personality during the many dangerous charges he led into the thick of the fighting.

Almost from the start, the slouchy, slovenly, colorful Custer was one of the starring attractions for visiting reporters. He was officially cited for bravery over and over again, on one occasion even twice in one day, and by a large variety of commanding officers. The former lieutenant became the youngest major general since LaFayette, and he began accumulating both enemies and admirers in large numbers as the legendary Boy General, handsome, exciting, witty, and careless of his own safety. He would have been a natural for a Hollywood production, as indeed he has been many times since, but Custer in real life out-swashbuckled even Errol Flynn's portrayal of him in *They Died with Their Boots On*. He was destined to be one of the superstars of history, as he was during his own lifetime.

General Custer's military career might have had a happier ending if he had served a little longer under General Philip Kearney's command. Kearny was known as a tough disciplinarian of his officers, and discipline was a quality Custer never developed. His brilliant successes during the great war often resulted from daring charges made contrary to orders, but he was only reprimanded when he failed, which

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seldom happened. The pattern was set, and to the day he died, Custer never really learned how to follow orders. Those who admired his fighting heart and understood his peculiarities — and these included such men as Sherman, Sheridan, and McClellan — knew that they had to let him work his own way, and they were glad to have his services in any tough fight. Those who didn't like him, including Grant, considered him disobedient and scatterbrained.

One thing he was: original. His appearance particularly was very distinctive, and Custer was exceedingly vain about it, although as a youngster he was forced to take a lot of ribbing for his fair coloring, with light hair and skin and a tiny mouth almost like a girl's. He grew a mustache to hide the latter, and when the cadets at West Point called him "Fanny" because of his dainty coloring, he tried wearing a wig for awhile to foil them; when that didn't work, he cut his hair. Later he traded shamelessly on his dashing appearance, letting his hair grow below his shoulders and wearing a "uniform" composed of captured Confederate boots, a velveteen jacket and tight trousers, a slouch hat, and a bright red tie.

Standing only about 5'9" in height, Custer was content to allow his vivid personality, handsome face, and lithe, athletic figure make up for his lack of height, although it bothered him a little. Men liked him, and women followed him around wherever he went. George Armstrong Custer, to say the least, was a very picturesque character.

Custer was extremely convivial, and as a blithe young officer he seemed for awhile to be dangerously fond of wine, women, and song. The wine he gave up for good while still very young; although it was served to guests at his table, he never touched it. He never gave up the song, however, loved music and rhythm, and probably used a regimental band more than any other commander in history — for amusement and as a psychological weapon of war.

As for the woman in Custer's life, she was quite a star herself, the tiny, beautiful, brilliant Libbie Bacon Custer. Their romance was a storybook affair, and they lived together for 12 exciting years, with Libbie following Autie to every post she was allowed to visit. Both of them were deeply disappointed that they were unable to have children, but they poured out all their ardent affection on each other and on an astonishing assortment of household pets. Custer was always picking up stray animals and made pets of mice, raccoons, and innumerable dogs. He was also an enthusiastic horseman and appreciated the finest in horseflesh, although he could rarely afford it. The General was never a rich man, and in fact was supporting various members of the Custer clan until his death.

Custer collected other things besides pets: he loved trophies and souvenirs, and had all the instincts of a true collector. Battle flags, hats, harness, even cannon found their way to his tent, and his prize was the table on which General Lee signed the terms of his surrender, a relic personally presented to Custer by General Sheridan. Once he even brought home a complete Indian teepee, and he carried a sword he had picked up somewhere that was inscribed in Spanish, "Draw me not without cause; sheathe me not without honor."

Custer's religious principles were unconventional; as his wife said, he was "not a professing Christian, yet respects religion." His political principles came straight from his father, who was a hardrock Jacksonian Democrat. Emanuel Custer could get very hot on the subject of politics with scarcely any provocation, and a favorite trick of his sons was to get him started at dinner after he had filled his plate. While he was expounding, they would eat, and the first to finish would trade his empty plate for Emanuel's full one. "Pop" Custer took it all in fun, of course, since he was the premier practical joker in the family.

Despite his casual attire, which advanced occasionally into full-dress uniform and settled into buckskins on the frontier, Custer had become personally immaculate. In a rather slovenly age, he brushed his teeth after every meal at home or in camp, and washed frequently. He neither smoked nor chewed, and except in camp away from women and children, his speech was perfectly acceptable, sometimes even courtly. Of course, he worked at that.

Custer's voice had a sort of nasal twang to it, with a midwestern accent. It was not particularly pleasant to listen to, and he was never at his best as a public speaker. However, he was a surprisingly good writer, and those who think that Custer's wife (later a successful author) wrote his books have not read the eloquent letters he wrote to her and others, the result of a habit begun when he moved to Michigan as a boy to live with his half - sister, and wrote long letters home to relieve a little of his loneliness. His early efforts at romantic poetry may not have foreshadowed any budding genius, but Custer did have a decided narrative gift and was a tireless worker at his writing, which he pursued for long hours, even in the field. He began to compose articles on the outdoors under the pen name of "Nomad," and when these were well received he wrote a series about his military experiences, which appeared in *The Galaxy* and were published shortly before his death in a widely acclaimed book, *My Life on the Plains.*

Everyone who knew Custer could tell a story about him: there was the time he wore a devil's costume to a masquerade party in New York, disturbingly convincing in red tights and a velvet cape; Libbie liked to joke about the mustache he shaved off and sent to her in an envelope, and she pressed a honeysuckle blossom he picked for her in the middle of the Battle of Chickahominy. Guests at a picnic the Custers gave in Texas never quite forgot trying to beat the ants to the chicken while the Regimental Band played "The Anvil Chorus," and when Custer's horse bolted at a postwar parade in front of the President's reviewing stand, it scattered a bevy of admiring young girls who had been strewing his path with flowers. Some people said he liked to play to the grandstands; others who liked him better simply considered him an overgrown boy in love with adventure.

One of the best stories about Custer happened at a southern plantation, where Custer captured a Confederate officer sitting right on his own front porch reading a newspaper, then called out all the ladies of the house, apologized for the inconvenience, flashed his famous smile, bowed, and retired in a hurry with his prisoner. Even a feverish Hollywood screen writer couldn't have created a more dramatic scene. Everyone had to admit that, like him or not, Custer had style.

Custer is often accused of having had political ambitions. There is no doubt that he did, but by the time he rode out to Little Bighorn, he had buried them deep. As a young man he had even considered studying law to train himself for a possible political career (with his easy charm it would have been more than possible), and after the war, he was almost persuaded to run for office. It was on a train during President Andrew Johnson's disastrous "Swing around the Circle" that Custer decided that the game of politics was not for him.

The President had taken to the

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road to sell his (and Abraham Lincoln's) mild Reconstruction policies to the People. What happened was that rioters, hired by Johnson's radical opponents in Washington, heckled, harassed, and insulted the President in town after town. Autie and Libbie were on that train along with many other eminent people. They knew and liked Johnson, and they were horrified by his reception in their own Midwest. Custer was ashamed and embarrassed by the experience, and absolutely determined never to follow a political career. A life of adventure, with all its risks, dangers and privations, suited him far better than the vicious infighting he had witnessed. Maybe Andy Johnson could take it, but he didn't care to.

Besides, there were other possibilities open to a man of his talents if his military career fizzled. His friend, Lawrence Barrett, who was an eminent actor, assured him that he could easily make it on the stage. Custer, who loved shows, operas and performances of all kinds, wasn't so sure. His speaking voice was poor, and he really wasn't comfortable talking to an audience, although a commander is on stage all the time, in a way. So at the uncomfortable age of 35, he was beginning to grow uneasy about his future when Major Pond, one of the foremost tour impresarios of the day, offered him a contract for a speaking engagement, guaranteeing $200 per lecture for at least a four-month tour, with five lectures a week. This sensational offer came after Custer's successful, highly publicized campaign in the Black Hills in 1875, during which gold was discovered, and shortly after his book had been successfully published. Things were looking up, but soon he was in hot water again because he had been loudly and bluntly criticizing the problems caused by crooked Indian agents and other sore spots in the Grant administration. Because of this it took the combined efforts of Generals Terry, Gibbon, and Sheridan to persuade Grant to let Custer go out on his last campaign.

How true are the things you hear about Custer? Did he really have presidential ambitions? As stated above, if he ever did, they were long gone by 1876; besides which his party (the Democrats) needed a nice, friendly face to unseat the Republicans that year, and Custer was too controversial.

Did Custer have an Indian squaw? This recent charge is not to be found even in the most hypercritical works on Custer written more than twenty-five years ago; it is apparently an unsubstantiated charge made by embittered descendants of some of the Indians. When Custer met the fabled Monasetah, by whom he supposedly fathered a child, she was already a pregnant divorcee, separated from her Indian husband by tribal law. Custer's bachelor brother, Tom Custer, who worshipped Libbie Custer, was in camp with him, as were many of his most dangerous enemies, who would have been sure to seek an official reprimand had any questionable conduct even been suspected. Of course, there may have been such, but the probability is against it. That Monasetah admired him is clear from the fact that she guided him to the camp of her poeple; but then, women always went after Custer Even the wife of his mortal enemy, Captain Benteen, thought he was "perfectly charming."

Custer Battlefield Museum

Gen. Custer at the Washita

Did Custer commit suicide? All that is known is that his body was found, stripped but not scalped, and the official report recorded two bullet wounds, one in the heart and one in the head, either of which could have been fatal.

Was Custer an Indian-hater? A look at the record must question this often-stated accusation, as Custer was called on the carpet by President Grant for his repeated criticism of the government's Indian policies. With characteristic rashness, Custer testified in congressional hearings in Washington that dishonest agents were defrauding both the Indians and the taxpayers. It was an unpopular

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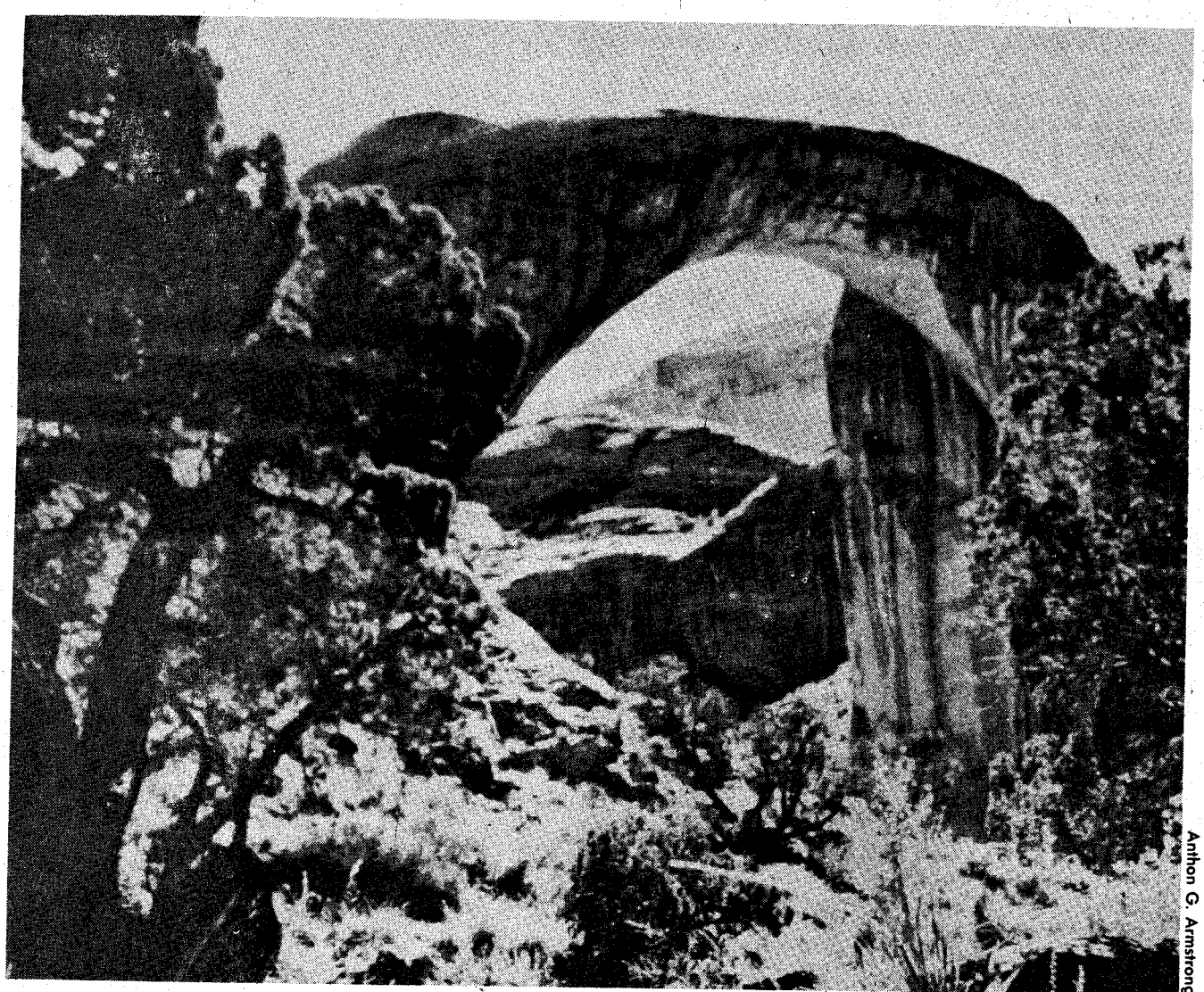
NAVAJO LONG WALK

by Nancy M. Armstrong



Anthon G. Armstrong

Rainbow Bridge National Monument, Utah, on Navajo Reservation.

The Navajos are the largest tribe of Indians in the United States. They also have the largest reservation. While most of it is in Arizona, it extends to the only place where four states share a common corner — Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona.

At the time of the Long Walk in 1864, the Navajos believed that Navajoland included a great deal more territory than their present-day reservation. They believed their holy people had created it for them.

The Diné (the People), as Navajos call themselves, and other Indian tribes of the southwest had been stealing each other's herds of sheep and horses and stealing from white settlers for well over a hundred years. Women and children were stolen for slaves. Navajos counted their wealth by the number of sheep, horses and captives they owned. This was their way of life when the United States acquired the Territory of New Mexico at the end of the war with Mexico in 1848.

White ranchers along the Rio Grande and other parts of the territory became citizens of the United States and immediately asked for protection from raiding Navajos.

The promise to stop raids were easier to make than to fulfill. For many years to come, the Americans did not seem to understand that there was no one big chief of the Navajos who could speak for the whole tribe. Each headman spoke only for his own clan. While a few Navajo leaders saw the road which must be taken — the road leading to peace — many refused to give up old ways.

How were the Americans going to stop raids? In the heart of Navajoland was a meadow beside a flowing stream. Navajos called it "Green Place in the Rocks." Here, in 1851, the Americans built a log and adobe fort and called it Fort Defiance. For the first time soldiers were stationed inside Navajoland.

A grassy meadow provided good pasture for cavalry horses. The fort commander ordered the Indians not to

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use the meadow. Navajos had used it for a feeding ground for many years and continued to drive their horses to it. The officer had sixty horses shot.

How could white men kill horses, the dearest thing to a Navajo heart! They call horses "That by which men live." A Navajo took revenge by shooting a black slave belonging to the commander. The headman, Long Earrings, was called in for talks. He offered to pay for the slave. Considering no payment had been made for the horses, he thought it a generous offer.

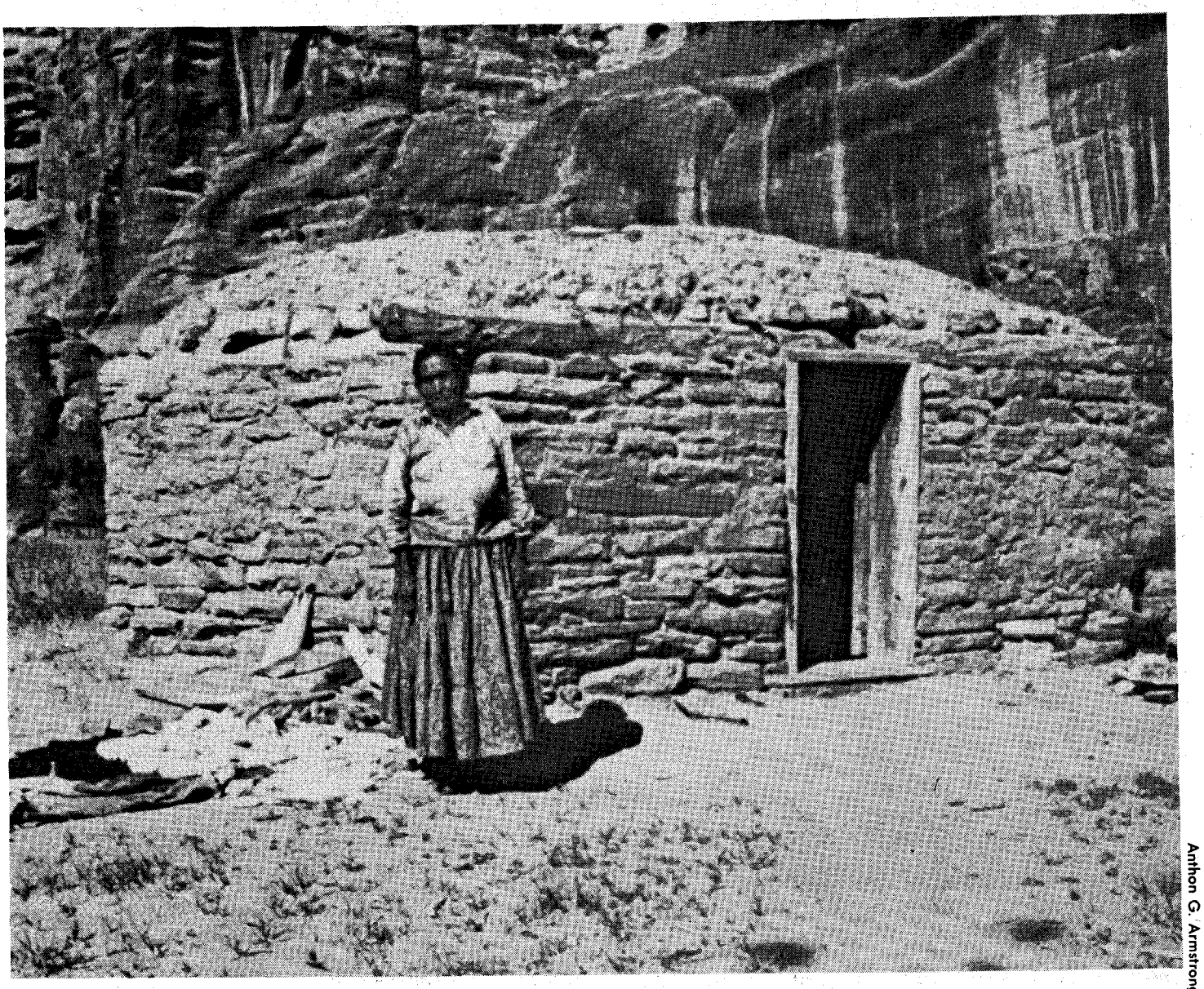
"No," said the officer, "I want the murderer and within twenty days."

To give up one of their own people was not the Navajo way. War broke out. During the next few years many sad incidents occurred to destroy the Navajo's trust in the white man, and so they were constantly at war. Then, to their great surprise, soldiers began to leave Fort Defiance. The Navajos could only believe they were tired of fighting. They could not know that civil war had been declared, and the Indian problem had become small by comparison.

When the bluecoats marched away, Navajos felt free to raid. They were not aware that gold, used to pay the Union army, was mined in California and carried muleback through New Mexico. The government could not have Navajos raiding across this trail. Orders came from Washington that Indian raids must be stopped.

General James H. Carleton was in charge. He decided that it would be a good idea to put the Indians on a reservation, where they could learn peaceful living. Land was available in eastern New Mexico along the Pecos River. A grove of cottonwood trees on its banks had caused the Spaniards to name the place Bosque Redondo (round grove). A small fort had been built there. Carleton sent soldiers to enlarge it. The Americans renamed it Fort Sumner after one of their generals. The surrounding country was flat — no mountains, no canyons in which Navajos could hide.

The general laid the problem before Kit Carson, trapper and guide, who lived at Taos, New Mexico. All tribes knew Kit and called him Rope Thrower, for they had seen him lasso wild horses. He was a colonel in a volunteer regiment. His men were not trained army men but trappers and sheepherders. Carleton's orders were, "The Indians are to be soundly whipped. No more talk."



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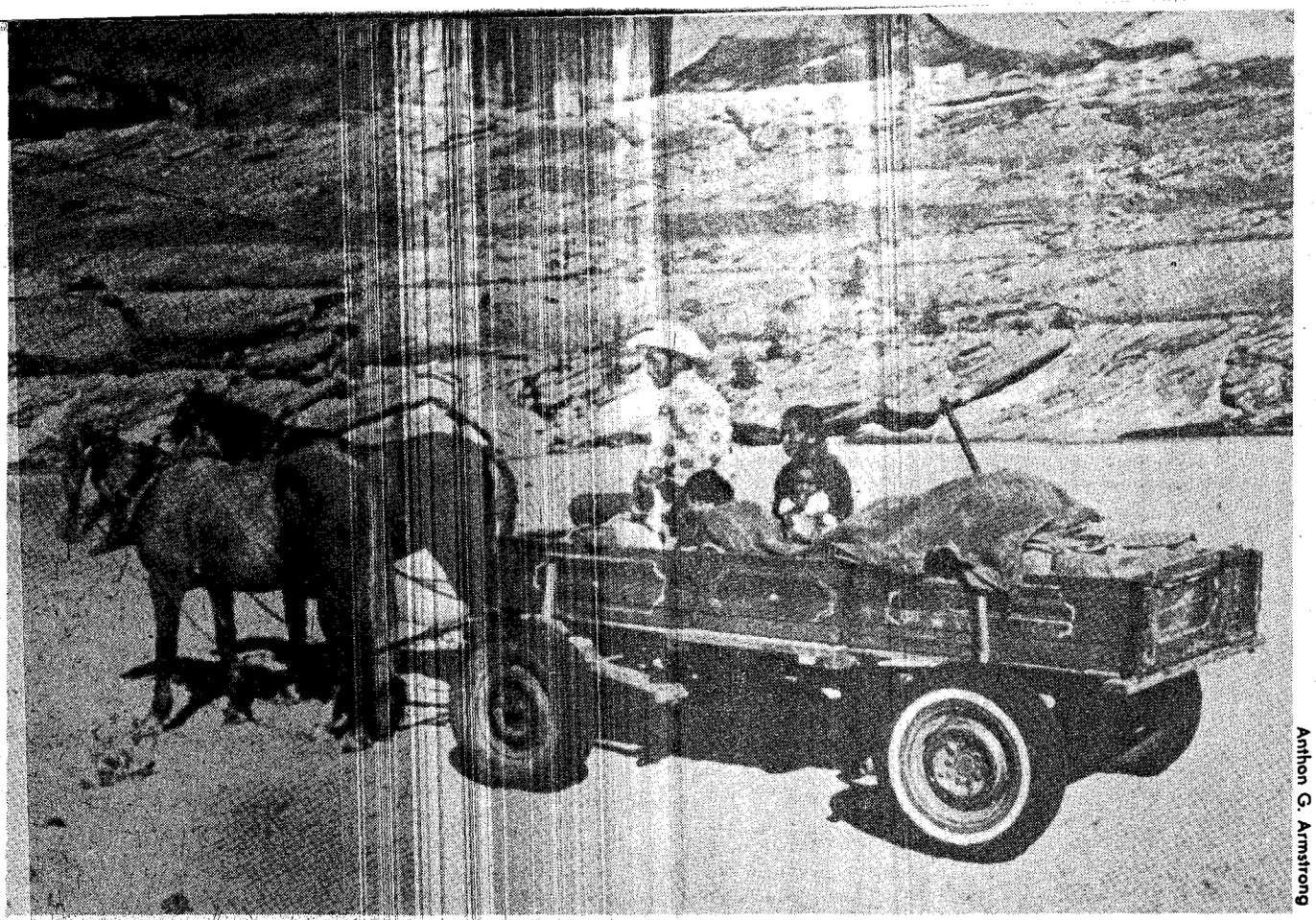

Anthon G. Armstrong

Navajos in Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, "off to the trading post".

Wanting to be in Navajo country, Kit and his volunteers reopened Fort Defiance and gathered supplies for the campaign. Word was sent to the Navajos that they were to surrender at the fort where they would be fed until a large group had gathered. Then they would be moved to their new home at Fort Sumner.

No Navajos came to the fort. When the bad news reached them, they scattered over the land. Many clans kept constantly on the move in the mountains. Weary soldiers rode for days without seeing a single Navajo. However, Rope Thrower found their fields of corn, their hogans and corrals. He destroyed them all. Flocks of sheep, left behind, were driven to the fort or slaughtered to feed soldiers. If he destroyed food, the Navajos would have to surrender or die.

For years Canyon de Chelly had served the Diné as a fortress in times of trouble. Ancient pueblo ruins, found in caves high along the canyon walls, made good hiding places. Today, in this national monument, Navajos still have hogans and gardens on the floor of the canyon as they did when Kit was hunting them. Steep red sandstone walls retain the sun's heat, making crops grow easily.

Navajos hid in the caves and existed on their crops gathered after dark so they could not be seen from the rim. Then winter descended with bitter cold, and their diet became rats, gophers, and what seeds they could find.

In January of 1864 Kit Carson left Fort Defiance with four hundred men, a few horses and supply mules. Oxcarts followed with more supplies. Camp was set up at the west end of the canyon, near present-day Chinle, Arizona.

At the same time, Captain A.W. Pfeiffer left Fort Defiance with orders to take his men to the east end of Canyon de Chelly. Upon arrival there, he decided to march through to meet Carson. He had not discovered that Canyon de Chelly is shaped like a Y. It consists of two hugh gorges. He entered the branch now called Canyon del Muerto and became the first white man to ride through the canyon.

The only path was a small frozen stream bed covered with snow. Horses and mules struggling under heavy loads broke through the ice and took many a painful fall. Men fell with heavy packs. Some had their feet frozen. That evening the mouth-watering aroma of cooking meat, from the soldier's campfire, floated to the caves where starving Navajos hid.

Next morning, as the soldiers moved on, some Navajos began to follow. When they reached Carson's camp, three women, with a white cloth on a stick, went in to ask permission to surrender. Through an interpreter Rope Thrower told them, "We want you to go away from this country where you have caused so much trouble. If you are ready to do this, you must come to Fort Defiance where you will be fed and given blankets. You have ten days to gather at the fort. After that we will hunt you from mountain to mountain until the Navajos are finished."

Kit Carson returned to his adobe headquarters. Everyday, starving Indians arrived, their blankets in rags, their feet protected from snow with moccasins made of juniper bark lined with grass and tied on with rags. Only the first arrivals received shoes and blankets. Provision had not been made to clothe and feed such large numbers.

Watching soldiers drill on the parade grounds convinced the Diné they had no choice but to go to Bosque Redondo. The trek that became known in Navajo history as the Long Walk began early on the morning of March 6, 1864. Thirty covered wagons, filled to bulging with sacks of flour, sacks of beans, sides of bacon, casks of water, were drawn up in front of the fort. A few lucky Navajos still had horses. Most were on

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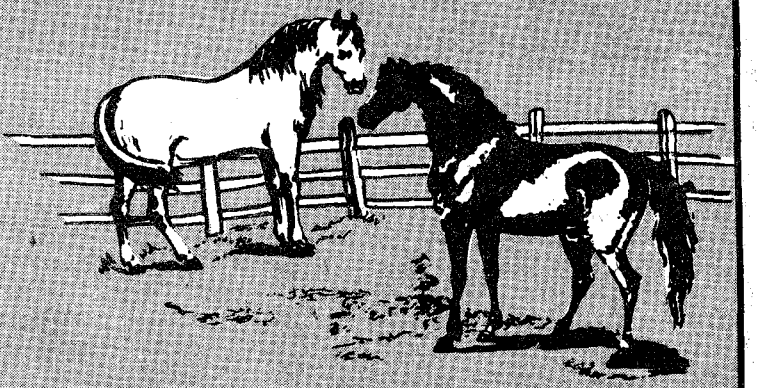
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

THE "RUN" FOR THE NEW LANDS

Another section of land is opening to settlement. This reservation is situated in the Indian Territory between the Cherokee Outlet on the north and the Kiowa, Coche, and Apache reservation on the south. Its eastern border adjoins Oklahoma, and its western the Panhandle of Texas. Its area is much greater than it is generally understood to be. It contains 6,500 square miles, or 4,000,000 acres. Out of this the resident Indians have been allotted by the government 536,960 acres, giving to each of the Indians 160 acres. There was thus left for general settlement about 3,500,000 acres, which, allowing a quarter section, or 160 acres, to each home-seeker, would accommodate about 22,000 settlers outside of the town sites.

For weeks thousands of eager people waited on the border and in the frontier towns for the 19th, the day assigned for the opening, and when the signal was given at noon on that day nearly 25,000 men on horseback, in wagons and vehicles of every sort, and on foot, rushed across the line and into the coveted territory. Among the adventures were some women, and in some cases these outstripped all competitors. Describing the start of the race, a correspondent says: "The horsemen sprang away as though they were riding a quarter-dash. The wagoners put the whip to their beasts. There was a cloud of dust, and the flood of palefaces swept into the country. The soldiers at the signal put spurs to their horses and flew to get away from the rush behind them. Every man seemed to know just where he was going, and headed for his longed-for land without even bestowing a glance of attention at his brother rushers."

Of course the great majority of the invaders were disappointed in the lands, which proved to be only ordinary Western prairie instead of the fertile lands they had anticipated. One of the first towns established was Okarche, which in a day was converted from a lonely spot on the Rock Island Railroad just inside the Indian lands into a place of 1,500 inhabitants. Two long trains loaded to the platform halted just outside the line until exactly noon, and then ran for Okarche at full speed. There was a wild scene at the station. Men jumped out of the windows and rolled off the platforms in swarms. A town site had been established containing 6,800 lots, but in the scramble every man drove his stake where he saw fit, and many got in the middle of the streets. There were over twenty women in the party, and they all drove stakes. About the first men to alight in town were two drummers, who went right to work taking orders.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly,
May 19, 1892

AN INDIAN DELEGATE TO THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

The National Republican Convention was a notable one in many directions, but probably the most unique feature of the whole convention was the presence of a full-blooded American Indian as a delegate.

The Oklahoma Republicans at their Territorial convention departed from all precedent and chose a full-blooded Indian as one of the representatives from the new Territory so recently carved from the Indian domain. This delegate was White Turkey, chief of the Shawnees. He is tall and straight, a thorough Indian, and attracted much attention in the convention.

White Turkey is a direct descendant of the illustrious Tecumseh, and was born while the tribe was on a pilgrimage from Texas to the Indian Territory during the Mexican War. When the Civil War broke out the entire tribe moved north to Kansas, where White Turkey and eighty other members of the tribe enlisted in the Fourteenth Kansas Cavalry. After serving two years with distinction he was mustered out at the close of the war, and returned with his tribe to the Territory.

In 1885 he succeeded to the chieftaincy and is still supreme in authority over his people, though many of them are full-fledged citizens of the United States. For some years White Turkey and his people have been deeply interested in national politics, all of them being radical Republicans. Since the organization of the Territory of Oklahoma he has been an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic and a participant in all the political gatherings.

The advent of the full-blooded Indian into national politics certainly marks a new epoch, and the outcome will be watched with interest.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly,
June 23, 1892

INDIANS GIVEN THE RIGHT TO VOTE

The politicians in Oklahoma are somewhat disturbed by recent legal opinions to the effect that Indians will be entitled to vote at the coming elections. It is held that all Indians who have taken land in severalty have the same right of franchise as any citizens. There are some 3,300 of these Indians, and if they shall be permitted to vote the candidates for Congressional honors will find the conditions so greatly changed as to lead to much perplexity and doubt.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly,
August 11, 1892

INDIAN HORSE THIEVES AT GERMAN LAKE, MINNESOTA

The fearful magnitude of the civil war now raging in the country has, in a manner, diverted public attention from Minnesota, where, during the past two years, all the horrors of Indian warfare that have been repeated periodically in our history have been enacted once more. Our readers remember the fearful massacre which desolated the frontier, and the subsequent defeat of the Indians. It would be, however, a delusion to suppose that the storm has passed. Towns are still building stockades and blockhouses for refuge, and prowling bands of Indians steal and murder constantly. Almost daily a call to arms is heard somewhere, and neighbors gather to pursue the banditti. A correspondent sends us an account of an encounter near German Lake, in July, between a band of three Indians and a party of the citizens of Cleveland. The Indians penetrated to a thickly-settled part, stole horses, and for ten days prowled around, till they were discovered and pursued. In the fight one Indian was killed and

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JIM MASTERSON
Quiet Marshal

by Wayne T. Walker

Author's collection

James Masterson

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As Bat Masterson was stylish and flamboyant, brother Jim was closemouthed and unassuming. Both were lawmen, as was another brother, Ed, but Bat's outgoing manner gained him more fame.

While no reporter eagerly followed Jim around, his career as a lawman stands on its own merits — and he did it *his* way.

Giving forth a loud rebel yell, a group of Texas herders skidded their mounts to a dust-fogging stop in front of a Dodge City drinking emporium on the night of June 9, 1879. The hollering was punctuated by several gunshots, then they hit the ground in a mad dash for the saloon entrance.

Shortly afterward, 23 - year - old Jim Masterson and Wyatt Earp appeared through the swinging doors, taking in the armed cowboys who were still going overboard in their boisterous manners. There was a "no gun" edict and signs were posted in conspicuous places, but normally it wasn't enforced too strongly if everyone was behaving. However, this aggregation had already proven themselves to be too "gun conscious."

Spreading apart, the two Dodge officers confronted the Texas men lined up at the bar. Earp asserted, "Boys, welcome to town! Have fun, but don't get out of hand." He nodded at their holstered revolvers. "You can begin by checking your guns with the bartender."

One of the young drovers laughed, "This gun is not about to be given to anyone in this town."

The smile disappeared from Earp's features, and his handlebar mustache twitched. He repeated, "Check your guns! Don't give us any trouble."

Jim Masterson, lean and of medium height, backed him. "Do what the man says, or get out of Dodge! We're long on troublemakers and short on tempers..."

There was a loud outburst of belligerent refusals along the line of newly arrived cowboys. The one who had spoken now placed his drink on the bar and stood poised for battle as he answered, "You two Yankee pimps can go straight to hell!"

Someone made the wrong gesture, and instantly there was a flurry of hand movements, a general stampede, blazing shots, and powdersmoke quickly filled the air. When the melee was over, one drover lay wounded on the floor and the rest had run for their horses to hightail it back to their cowcamp on the Arkansas. The wounded herder was the mouthy young man who had been so quick to declare war on the two officers.

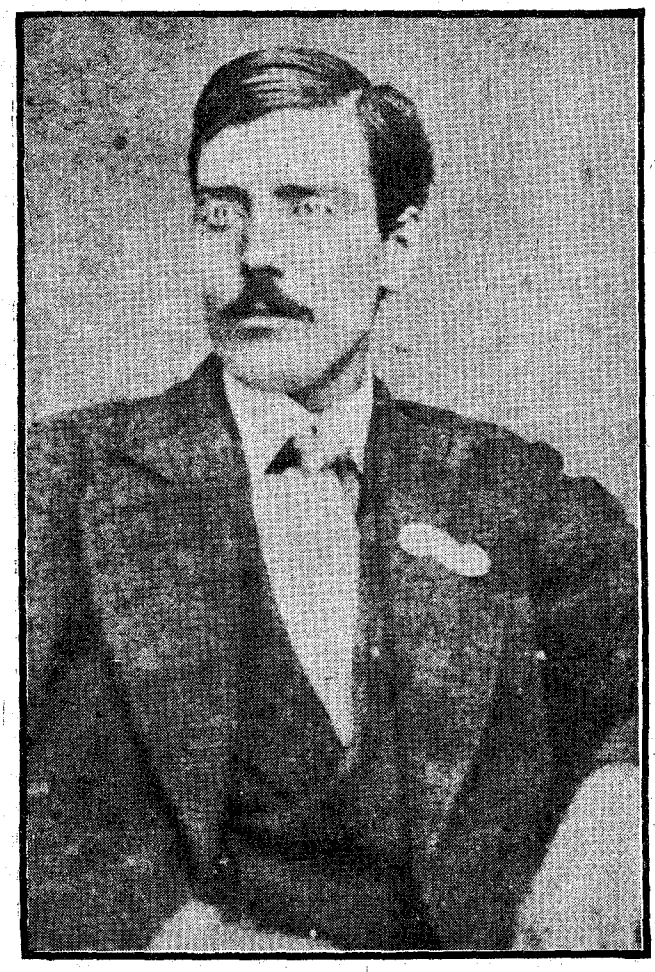
This was only one of many times that Jim Masterson, brother to the already renowned Bat Masterson, stood quietly side by side with lawmen who were later exalted far beyond their actual deeds by overly imaginative writers. He was a lawman long after most of them had passed from the scene, dying quietly with his boots off from a disease instead of a bullet. This was extraordinary, considering the life he had lived behind a law badge...

Some time between 1870 and the fall of 1872, the family of Thomas and Catherine Masterson moved from Illinois to an 80-acre farm near Wichita, Kansas. There were seven of the Masterson children — Edward J., William B., James P., Nelly, Thomas, George and Emma. Only Tom, of the five boys, would remain on the farm. The others became fiddle-footed as soon as they were old enough to leave home. None of them would attain the fame and notoriety of "Bat."

James P. Masterson was born in Iroquois county, Illinois in 1855, the third in line. He was in his early teens when the family migrated to the homestead that lay about 14 miles northeast of Wichita. He was the most solemn of the Masterson brothers, not given to much talk. In fact, as he grew older he became more and more of a "loner." Respected and sought after as a lawman, he was not noted for his geniality.

In an interview with James D. Horan, an old buffalo hunter and lawman named George Bolds stated that young Jim had considerable influence over Bat. He recalled Jim ordering Bat to go home and visit their mother at Christmas time the year before Bat journeyed to Tombstone, Arizona.

During November 1872, the three oldest Masterson brothers joined up with an old friend from Illinois, Henry H. Raymond, and hunted buffalo through present Ford, Kiowa, Clark and Comanche counties in Kansas. In the next six weeks, the young men suffered numbing cold, loneliness and Indians; however, they managed to kill and skin out as many as 20 buffaloes per day.



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Ed Masterson

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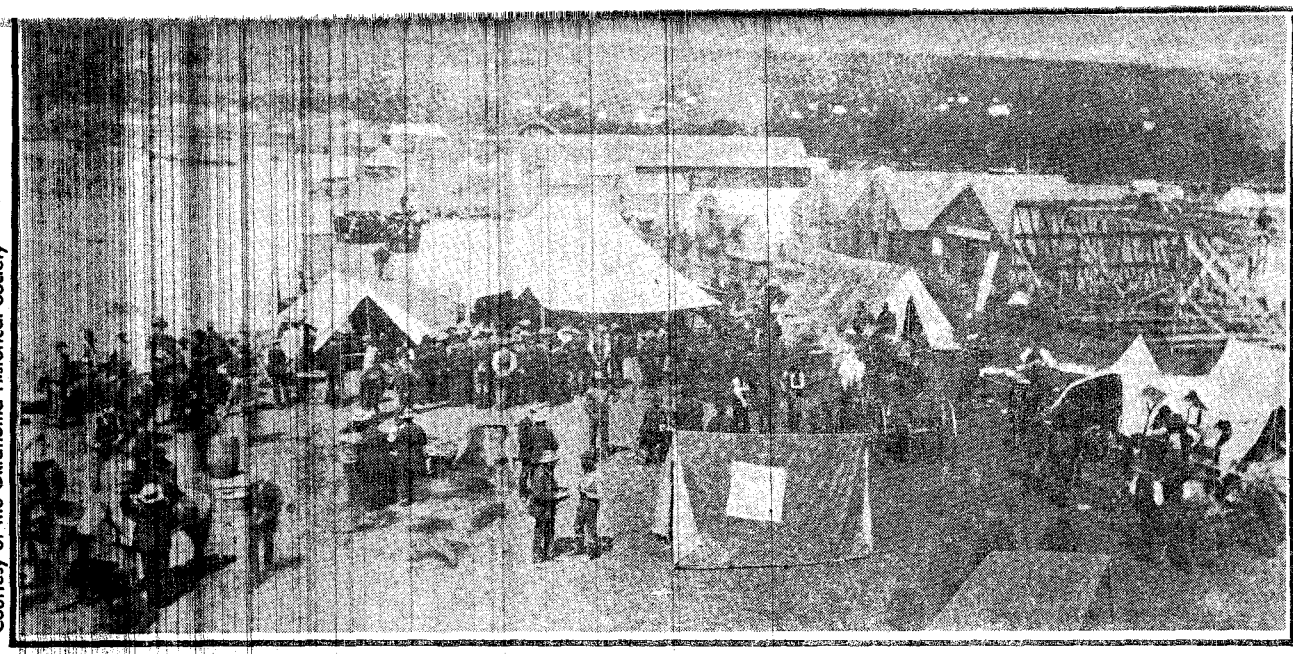

Courtesy of the Oklahoma Historical Society

Early Guthrie, April 27, 1889.

By the first day of the new year they had enough and turned their party toward Dodge City, where they sold their meat and skins. Then Ed, Jim and Henry Raymond hitched up one of the wagons and started back to the Masterson homestead in Sedgwick County. At Great Bend, Ellinwood and present Sterling, the trio bought cookies, crackers and cheese. Along their journey, they passed time by shooting at telegraph poles and competing against one another.

On 12 January, the young buffalo hunters drove the wagon into the farm yard — cold and hungry.

Jim stayed at the homestead until spring, but on 18 February, Henry Raymond and Ed returned to Dodge and joined Bat, who had been there since they arrived on the first of January. The next summer the three brothers again went buffalo hunting, returning to Dodge City by September 10, 1873.

Drifting in and out of Dodge for the next five years, Jim Masterson occasionally pinned on a policeman's badge to help enforce the law during the busy cattle season. During the off seasons, he spent most of his time hunting buffalo. The Dodge City *Times* issue of 23 February 1878 stated:

"Jim Masterson, brother of Bat and Ed, returned from a buffalo hunt this week. He had been absent nearly four months."

By now Bat had been elected sheriff of Ford county, having under his jurisdiction all territory lying south of the Fourth Standard Parallel and west of the counties of Hodgeman, Ford and Clark — approximately 9,500 square miles. Needing deputies, Sheriff Bat Masterson persuaded Jim to pin on a badge, and it wasn't long until the Ford county officers made their presence known to the hardcases.

In this same time period, Ed Masterson was the city marshal in Dodge and was trying to keep the lid on this wild, hell-raising shipping town with his typical easygoing, gentle manner. On the night of 9 April, Ed was walking his night patrol when he heard shots coming from below the deadline, and he hurried to investigate the disturbances at the Lady Gay saloon. He was pulled down on before he had a chance to draw, when he requested the firearms of the guilty parties.

Later, the Dodge City *Globe* eulogized:

"Everyone in the city knew Ed Masterson and liked him. They liked him as a boy, they liked him as a man, and they liked him as their marshal. The marshal died nobly in the discharge of duty; we drop a tear upon his grave..."

Both Jim and Bat were hard hit by their brother's death, and life never meant as much to them after the tragic April night. Jim became more taciturn, not given to much foolishness.

On 1 June, the city council appointed Jim as a policeman under Charlie Bassett, who had succeeded Ed as city marshal. Wyatt Earp was assistant marshal (he never was full marshal of Dodge, contrary to popular belief). Like the county lawmen, they had their work cut out for them.

The town swarmed with cowboys, buffalo hunters, Mexicans, Indians, emigrants, gamblers, horse thieves, and drummers. Drunks were rolled, holdups in town were common, and confidence men came and went with every train. It was hard to control during trail season, for everything was wide open and "going fullblast." For every one thrown in jail, six more took his place.

John Brown was hired as a policeman, bringing the town lawmen up to four. The marshal was paid $100 per month, while the others earned $75 each.

There has been much ado about Wyatt Earp killing a cowboy named George R. Hoyt, and Earp's biographer (Stuart Lake) even asserts that the Texan was trying to kill Earp in order to collect a price placed on Earp's head by big cattlemen. All of which is preposterous! Hoyt (or Hoy, as several contemporary newspaper articles reported) was one of two cowboys who, on the early morning of 26 July 1878, proceeded to "cut loose their wolf" as they were leaving town.

Both Jim Masterson and Earp were on duty that night, and emptied their pistols toward the fleeing Texans after they had fired in a reckless manner at the crowded Comique Hall. It would have been impossible in those days to have known which lawman brought the drover from his saddle.

Severely wounded, Hoyt died on 21 August 1878.

While Jim Masterson served with Earp on the Dodge City police force, Jim made as many arrests as the overrated Earp, according to the old police docket. He also continued in his capacity as a deputy sheriff under his brother. When seven Cheyenne prisoners were brought from Fort Leavenworth to Dodge, where they stood trial for certain atrocities that were committed in September 1878, Jim Masterson assisted the county

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officers in guarding the Indian prisoners.

During the period Jim and Bat were in Leavenworth after Dull Knife's Indians, J.J. "Wicked" Webb carried out Jim Masterson's duty as city policeman until he returned and resumed his position.

On 11 January 1879, the Dodge City *Times* commended Jim Masterson on his efficiency as a lawman in Ford county, and in April the city council raised his pay to $100. In addition, Jim was to receive $2 for every legitimate arrest he made during the trail season.

In September of 1879, Dodge City bid adieu to assistant - marshal Earp when he resigned and left town for greener pastures further west. Then, Marshal Charlie Bassett resigned on the first of November and Jim Masterson found himself promoted to Chief of Police (City Marshal).

Soon after Jim Masterson became city marshal, he began to enforce the no-gun ordinance, attempting to cut down on much of the violence in Dodge during the spring and summer months. According to the police dockets of 1880, he must have had his hands full. One of those names was Clay Allison, the "he-wolf of the Cimarron."

According to Tom Masterson, Jim had found Allison sauntering along the boardwalk long after he had seen him riding in, still wearing the gun on his hip. If his biographers can be believed, Allison ate town lawmen for breakfast and used their six - shooters for toothpicks. For some reason, he was rather docile this particular time. Jim arrested him, disarmed and placed him in the local calaboose. Later, Allison was taken before the police judge and paid a fine for carrying weapons.

But for the most part, the cattle season of 1880 was rather tranquil, and no outstanding incidents have been recorded involving the city police during this period. Listing Jim Masterson as being 24 years old, the 1880 United States census stated he was employed as city marshal of Dodge City and living with a "16-year-old 'concubine' named Minnie Roberts." Many of the unmarried lawmen and gamblers of Dodge had a habit of keeping a young prostitute. This was one reason the Texans often referred to the lawmen here as "pimps." In this same census, Bat is also listed with a "concubine."

After the city elections of 4 April 1881, the entire official regime of Dodge City changed hands; subsequently, the law enforcers went, too.

Not having any reason to remain in Dodge City, Jim Masterson drifted over the West for the next few years, never lingering too long in any one town. He tried it all — mining for the bonanza strike, gambling, operating a barroom, lawing — growing more dour and even less talkative.

As various counties were organized across western Kansas, it brought forth a great many squabbles over which town was going to serve as the county seat. Sometimes, tragic gun battles would break out between factions of the competing towns.

Such was the case in Gray county in January 1889, with the sheriff being a pro-Ingalls (Kansas) man and determined to wrest the county seat from Cimarron. He deputized several men including Jim Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Fred Singer, Ed Brocks, Neil Brown, and black lawman Ben Daniels; then he loaded them into a large freight wagon and sent them to Cimarron early on Saturday morning, January 9.

Later, when the wagon pulled down the main street of Cimarron, the men couldn't be seen. Except for the driver, they were lying on the hard floorboards. It was 11:30 a.m. when the teamster halted his mules in front of the present courthouse, and the heavily armed men began to stream over the tailgate. Jim Masterson stationed three or four men in front of the entrance to see that no Cimarron citizens interfered, while the others proceeded up the stairs. Each was armed with a Winchester, shotgun or pistol, and they had a look of determination on their features.

Kicking open the door to the county clerk's office, Jim Masterson immediately covered A.T. Riley with his Winchester, barking: "Throw up your hands! Behave yourself and we won't hurt you." He motioned around the office. "We just want what belongs to Ingalls. Men, get every book and scrap of paper."

While the records were being loaded, Jim kept the Winchester pointed at the county clerk. The last of the records were being taken down the stairway, when firing broke out below. At the time, three of the county record snatchers — Jim Masterson, Billy Ainsworth and Fred Singer — were upstairs, while the rest of the raiding party were carrying on a running fight with the townspeople.

The frightened teamster had started the team out of town as quickly as the last records were loaded, stopping once to pick up the guards who had started running as soon as the shooting had commenced.

Courtesy of the Oklahoma Historical Society

Three old-timers at the Battle of Ingalls Monument. Left to right on horseback: Lon Case and Billy McGinty. Standing in center: Gib Shaw who was one that counted the holes in the saloon just after the Ingalls' Battle, in 1893.

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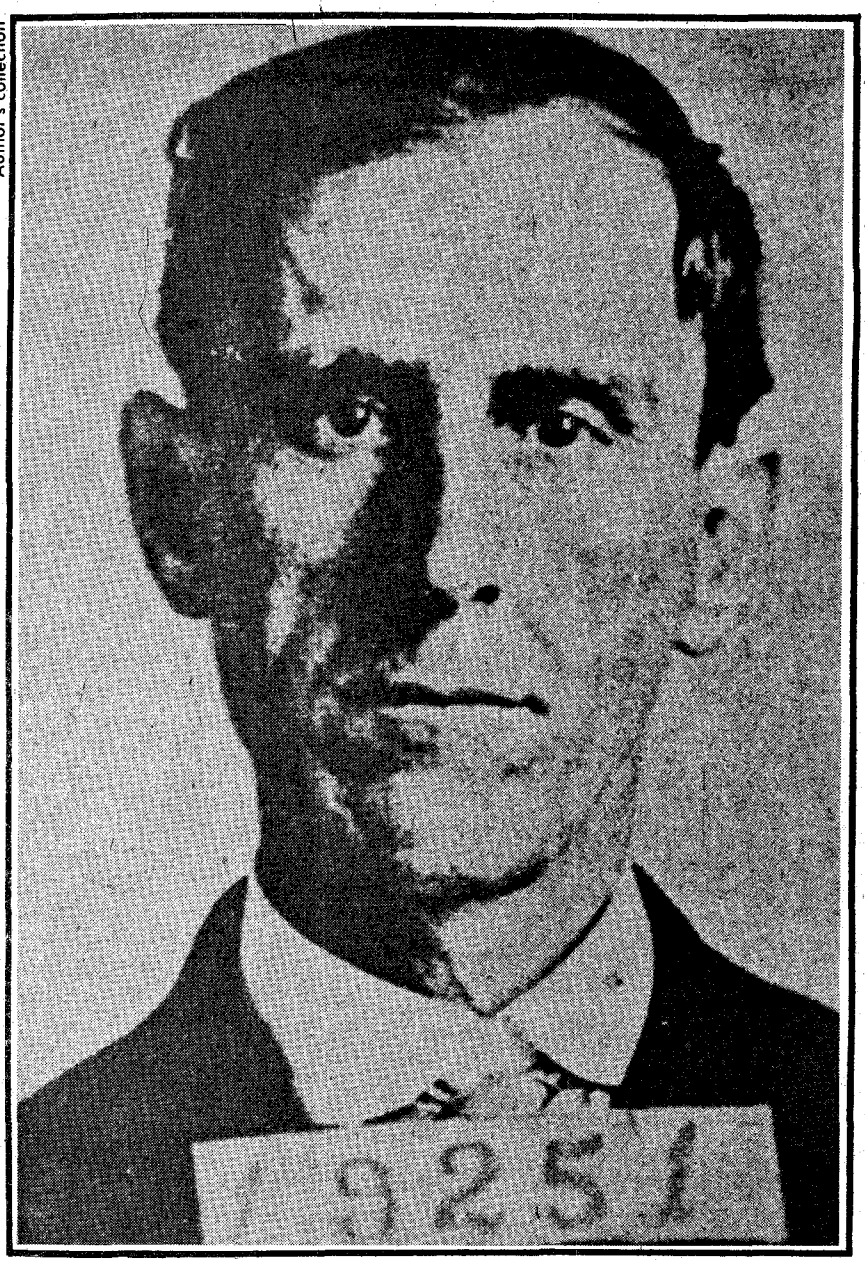

Arkansas Tom Daugherty — kept deputy U.S. Marshals pinned down for several hours. Picture taken upon entry to Missouri Penitentiary.

Tilghman almost broke an ankle, trying to jump an irrigation ditch in flight.

Meanwhile, Masterson and his comrades were pinned down in the courthouse ... not letting anyone in, but by the same token, they could not leave. The upstairs windows were quickly riddled by the angry mob outside, and threats of lynching were prevalent that afternoon.

A large group of Cimarron citizens mounted and pursued the wagon, but the deadly gunfire from the Winchesters and shotguns kept them at a safe distance, allowing them to make it the six miles to Ingalls. As soon as they were in Ingalls, the deputy sheriffs telegraphed to Dodge City for aid in obtaining the release of their associates besieged in Cimarron.

When the telegram was received, a number of old friends of Jim Masterson and Fred Singer took the afternoon train for Ingalls. Later in the evening, Ford county sheriff Ham Bell and several influential Dodge citizens took a special train to Cimarron, and they succeeded in getting the three men released.

One Cimarron man was killed and several injured in the short gun battle. Some time in 1889, Jim Masterson drifted to Guthrie, in present Oklahoma, and became one of the first settlers in the town. Not long after, Jim was appointed deputy sheriff of Logan county, in which Guthrie is situated. When E.D. Nix was seeking fearless men to serve under him as deputy U.S. marshals in 1893, Jim Masterson was quickly appointed one of them.

While trailing a bush - league criminal, deputy Sheriff Bob Andrews, from Stillwater, rode into Ingalls (Indian Territory) and spotted the members of Bill Doolin's gang playing cards at the Ransom and Murray saloon. He finished his drink, kept his mouth shut, and high - tailed it to Guthrie where he informed the Federal officers of their present hideout.

On 1 September, two covered wagons pulled quietly into Ingalls. One stopped at Light's Blacksmith Shop, while the other parked near Dr. J.H. Pickering's home. Thirteen deputy U.S. marshals unloaded from the two wagons — Jim Masterson, Red Lucas, Dock Roberts, Steve Burke (the six-gun preacher), Lafe Shadley, Tom Huston, George Cox, Ike Steel, Dick Speed, H.A. Janson, Hank Keller, Hi Thompson and John Hixon.

Deputy Marshal Dick Speed thought that Bitter Creek Newcomb knew of their presence and promptly pulled down on the outlaw in the street. One shot smashed into the magazine of his rifle, and the other ball tore through a leg; however, Bitter Creek still managed to escape.

Hearing the gunshots, the rest of the gang spooked and started shooting their way out of their position. Several of them had been in Ransom & Murray's saloon again; therefore, in the beginning the gunfire was concentrated between here and the deputy marshals.

Marshal Speed went down first in this deadly exchange, killed instantly. Stepping out of the rear entrance of the saloon, Dal Simmons fell with a mortal wound. He was only a young man visiting relatives in the town, but he was mistaken for one of the fleeing outlaws. Ransom had a leg bone shattered by a rifle ball, and Murray took one in the arm, while a customer named Walker suffered a shot through his liver which later proved fatal.

By this time, four of the gang had made it to the livery stable and had saddled up, ready to leave the death trap. Suddenly, Bill Doolin and Dynamite Dick Clifton came flying out the back entrance and down a draw. At the same time, Bill Dalton and Tulsa Jack went hurtling through the front.

Although his horse was shot in the jaw, Dalton kept him going until the mount received a bone shattering shot in one of his legs; then he swiftly dismounted and put the pain - racked horse out of his misery by shooting him in the head. He swung up behind Tulsa Jack as the outlaw socked in his

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spurs. Finding their way blocked by a barbed wire fence, Dalton ran back and took a pair of wire cutters from his saddle pockets, cut the fence, and swung back up behind his comrade again.

This time they got away...

Meanwhile, 37-year-old Jim Masterson tried to conceal all of his robust frame behind a mere sapling while the flying lead whistled around him and dug holes in the ground. Considering his skimpy protection, Jim Masterson wondered how he was still alive. The best he could make out, the deadly fire was coming from upstairs in the Pierce Hotel.

The bad aspect of this was that whoever was doing the shooting that was wounding and killing so many of the marshals was well hidden from the fire of the lawmen. They apparently picked their man whenever they wanted to and continued to keep the officers pinned down for about three more hours.

Masterson knew a change in tactics was badly needed, but he wasn't even aware of how many of the outlaws were in the hotel. It was a desperate situation for the deputy marshals. Finally, he reached inside his shirt and pulled out three sticks of dynamite which he had brought for an emergency. It looked as though this was it.

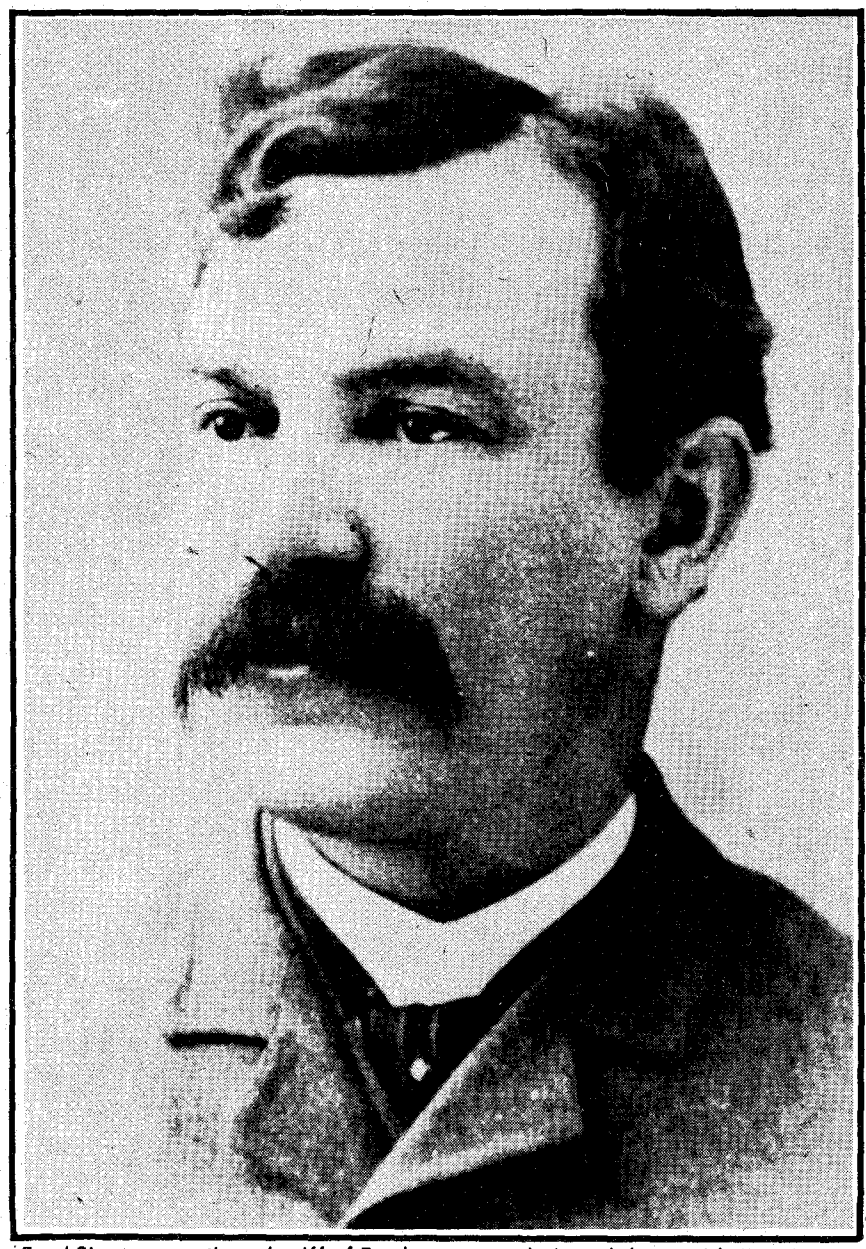
He called out to the other lawmen, "Men, we're losing too many and getting nowhere. I'm going to try this." He held up the explosives. I'm sure this will bring them out. Of course, they may be in pieces."

Like Jim Masterson, the others were angry and desperate. They agreed to his plan. Masterson grabbed up some weeds and dead leaves, then ran to the corner of the hotel.

Observing the action through a downstairs window and realizing what he was about to do, a frightened Mrs. Alva Pierce came running out screaming, "No, no, don't do that! There's only one man upstairs ... Arkansas Tom."

Masterson stopped in the act of lighting the pile of rubbish and dynamite. Arkansas Tom ... Arkansas Tom Daugherty, alias Jones. Jim asserted, "Well, ma'm, I'd say you better do some powerful strong talkin' to Arkansas Tom and persuade him to give himself up. If he doesn't, we'll blow him and your hideout hotel higher'n heaven itself."

The outlaw proved to be stubborn, but Masterson, trying to end it without any more bloodshed, sent in a Reverend Mason to talk to him. At last, a dejected Tom Daugherty surrendered to the preacher. Masterson took him into custody, thankful that the bloody gun battle was ended.



Author's collection

Fred Singer, one-time sheriff of Ford county and pinned down with Jim Masterson in the Cimarron courthouse.

Two years later, Jim Masterson was still a deputy U.S. marshal when he died on 31 March 1895 of "quick consumption." The April 1st issue of the Guthrie *Daily Oklahoma State* Capital reported:

"... He was considered here the bravest of all the marshals. Whenever a big raid was to be made on any stronghold of outlaws, like that at Ingalls (Oklahoma), he was always asked to be one of the party. When every man would flinch, he would still be found in the front ranks. Every man has his virtues and his faults, Jim Masterson was a man who never went back on a friend, and never forgot an obligation ... He was so proud that in his last moments he would not let his condition be known to his relatives. He is a brother to Bat Masterson, a man of national reputation as a backer of athletic sports, and quite rich, but he would not apply to him for aid..." ●**RW**

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Q. How fast can a buffalo run? V. Tadesco, New Iberia, La.
A. The adult buffalo (American bison) has been clocked at forty miles an hour.

Q. I read an article in a magazine which stated that Davey Crockett surrendered at the Alamo and was later executed by Santa Ana. Is this true? R. Jode, Castro Valley, Cal.
A. All authorities (except the one you read) agree that Crockett was killed very dead at the Alamo. The policy of Santa Ana at the time of the final attack was "no quarter." We agree with the majority.

Q. I have a book titled STORY OF THE WILD WEST AND CAMPFIRE CHATS BY BUFFALO BILL. It was published by B.F. Johnson & Co. in 1888. It has Buffalo Bill's autograph in pen and ink. My grandfather bought this book at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in Louisville, Kentucky in the early 1900s. Is it worth anything? G. Bird, Weiser, Idaho.
A. After he achieved fame, Buffalo Bill lent his name (for money) to a lot of books that he didn't write. This is evidently one of them. As for the autograph, he did sign a lot of them, and if it really is his signature, it would be valuable to some degree to a collector.

Q. Recently while doing research I came across the following: "Billy the Kid," a cartoon feature in KING OF THE BADMEN OF DEADWOOD (a comic book); "Billy the Kid," a cartoon page inside the back cover of KID COWBOY magazine, and BILLY THE KID, KING OF THE OLD WEST, an adventure magazine, all dated 1950. Have you ever seen any of these or know of their existence? Would it be possible to reprint any of them in REAL WEST? M.A. Moore, Wilmington, Calif.
A. Sorry Miss Moore, we never heard of them. Although you are welcome to contact our editors regarding their reprint in our magazine, we doubt their agreement. Firstly, these items you mention are obviously non - factual, and secondly, the known facts about Billy the Kid have been printed many times in REAL WEST.

Q. Please settle an argument. Is a broadhorn the same as a longhorn? C. Sigsmund, Bay City, Mich.
A. It is if you're talking about cattle. "Broadhorn" is (or was) also a boating term. In river boating, it is a boat similar to a flat-boat, whose movements were usually regulated, as far as possible by two great oars or sweeps that projected like horns from each side of the boat. These boats were usually 150 feet long and 25 feet wide.

Q. Were the Indians as healthy as they are usually protrayed to be? V. Kendall, Staffordshire, England.
A. Conclusions by recent students of early Indians indicate that rheumatism, arthritis, dysentery, sundry digestive disorders, intestinal worms and eye disorders were fairly common among them. They also had mastoid infections and respiratory ailments, but disorders caused by vitamin and mineral deficiencies were rare, as were neurological and psychic disturbances, heart disease, arteriosclerosis and cancer. Infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever, typhoid, cholera, diptheria, smallpox and measles, came after Columbus. The experts on the subject cautions, however, that there was a difference in disease patterns between nomadic (active) and sedentary people.

Q. I read recently that the late cowboy movie star Harry Carey was a lawyer. Is this true? How old was he when he died? Was he a born Westerner? L. Spooner, Bloomington, Ind.
A. Henry DeWitt Carey was born in 1878 in the Bronx, New York. He studied to be a lawyer at New York University but had to abandon hopes of such a career when stricken by illness. He died in 1947, which would make him sixty-nine at the time of his death.

Q. I am fascinated by Pocahontas, the Indian princess who saved the life of Captain John Smith. Please supply some facts. O. Knaibe, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
A. First, we are not at all sure (and neither is anyone else) that the romantic story told by Smith about the beautiful girl saving his life is true. The Captain often drew the long bow in his telling of tales. Her name was also Matoaka, and she was a Powhatan Indian. Her father probably was some sort of chief or sachem. She married an Englishman, John Rolfe, in 1613. She became a Christian and received the name of Rebecca. She died in 1617 of smallpox. Her one son, Thomas Rolfe, returned to Virginia where he became wealthy. He had one daughter.

Q. Did you ever hear of a Western food delicacy called "boudin"? D. Costello, El Dorado, Ark.
A. To be perfectly honest about it, no, we didn't; so we looked it up. Boudin is from the French, and it means blood pudding or sausage. It was a delicacy indulged in by hunters and trappers, made from the buffalo intestine containing chyme (semi - digested food). It was cut into lengths, wrapped around a stick and toasted before a fire until crisp. It also refers to a kind of sausage prepared by stuffing selected buffalo tidbits into the large intestine of the animal and cooking by boiling, frying or roasting on a stick.

Q. I read a reference in an old-time Westerner's diary to "calf wagon," and I naturally assume it was a wagon into which they put calves. But why? Were they sick? Why didn't they trail along with their mothers? E. Esleck, Fairborn, Ohio.
A. The calf wagon was a vehicle used by some of the old-time trail drivers to haul the calves born on the trail so as not to slow up the progress of the drive too much. Some trailers did not use a calf wagon and, rather than hold up the drive, killed the calves or gave them to settlers who happened to be, or live, nearby.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

EARLY INDIAN BACKGROUND

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

The people Columbus called Indians were believed to have had their origin in northeastern Asia, and arrived via the Bering Strait. They could have crossed from Asia to Alaska during the Ice Age by utilizing the land bridge that still existed. This ice-sheet had not spread over much of Alaska or the lands about the Arctic Ocean.

Some 20,000 years ago the ice-sheet began to melt and, where it was the thinnest along the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, opened a corridor covered with vegetation from the Mackenzie River to the Missouri River. It is believed that here the migrants from Asia could have traveled into what is now the United States. On the way they hunted the prehistoric bison, the giant sloth, mastodon, mammoth, the prehistoric horse and the giant camel.

These early people made many types of beautiful stone spearpoints, many found in the bones of the prehistoric animals they hunted. Some of these same hunters undoubtedly continued into Middle and South America, where they developed a distinct culture of that region.

The dry caves of the southwestern United States have preserved evidence of a later people given the name Basketmaker, because of the many baskets they made replacing much use of pottery in their living. They used the atlatl, or spear - thrower, and the hunting boomerang. These people were also farmers, growing corn and squash.

Later came a people called Cliff Dwellers who built and lived in difficult to reach, defensive castles of stone built in great shallow caves. The method of dating house beams by the rings that record the annual growth of trees has placed the cliff dwellings of southern Colorado and Utah as being erected in the seventh to the thirteenth century.

The people known as the Mound Builders constructed approximately 100,000 mounds in the Mississippi drainage and in the Southern states. There were several types of these earthworks. Those used for burial mounds were usually low, conical mounds where prominent members of the tribe were buried. The mounds for housing were of impressive foundations on which the homes of the chiefs and headpriests were erected. They also built effigy mounds representing animals and birds, which were probably religious in nature and connected with the totemism of tribes or clans. The great Serpent Mound, found in Ohio, is of this type and is 1330 feet long.

The bird-effigy mounds in Wisconsin have a stretch of wings several hundred feet. The largest of all mounds were the temple mounds. The principal mound in the Etowah group in Georgia is 61 feet high; that of the Troyville group in Louisiana is 80 feet high. The great Cahokia group in Illinois, opposite St. Louis, Missouri, is 99 feet high and covers 16 acres at its base. As a comparison, this is three acres larger than the base of the great pyramid of Giza in Egypt. These mounds were built by hand labor, the earth being carried in skin aprons or baskets. The numerous mounds would indicate a great Indian population at this time to supply so much manpower.

It is not definitely determined when the first mounds were built, but they were still being built and used when the white men arrived.

Indian tribes varied in customs; still there were some similarities, such as mode of travel. On the northeastern lakes, canoes made of birch bark were used, while along the wooded streams of the East and South, dugouts or log canoes were used. The tribes of the Northwest Coast and in the swamps of the deep South hollowed great trees into war canoes.

The tribes living along the California coast built boats of planks or balses of rushes. The buffalo - skin boat called 'bull boat' was used on the streams in the treeless plains. Another mode of travel on the plains was the 'travois,' named by the French, for a kind of sled or litter pulled by large dogs or horses.

There is evidence of trade between the early tribes. Shells from the Gulf of Mexico were traded as far as Wisconsin, and abalone from the Pacific coast was known to have been traded to tribes of North Dakota. Pipestone, quarried in Minnesota, was traded as far south as Georgia. Copper mined in the Lake Superior region found its way to the Southern states, and turquoise from New Mexico was found in the mounds of Mississippi.

Other housing of these early people usually could be grouped into two general types: the round and the rectangular. The round houses of the north were covered with birch or other type of bark, or with mats. Houses in the south were built with palmetto or grass, while those on the prairie were made of sod, earth or grass. In the buffalo country of the plains, buffalo hide was used for housing. In California, bullrushes were used. The houses of the rectangular types were generally constructed, in the wooded areas, of poles and bark. In the arid Southwest of stone or adobe, and those in California and the Northwest Coast, they were made of planks.

Most of the early tribes lived in permanent villages of several hundred to several thousand people. The villages were mainly for defense and in a wooded area might be surrounded by a log palisade ten to twenty feet high, with towers at intervals and along the inner side a platform for bowmen. A favorite site for a village was at the junction of two streams. Thus they had fish and game, according to the area they lived in, and all tribes supplemented their diet with seeds, berries, nuts and roots. Some tribes cleared fields, planting corn, tobacco, cotton, beans, squash and pumpkin. The Indian made use of any environment and was adept at using what was at hand. They knew how to

(continued on page 52)

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The FIRST MONUMENT

After the fall of the Alamo, its ruined walls lay crumbled upon the ground and it was some time before the ruins were cleaned up and carted away. What happened to the rocks that once formed the walls of the square of the mission is perhaps lost in history. It is known that some were saved and hauled to Austin, Texas, at the State Capitol. There they were chipped and moulded into an historic monument to the men who died in the battle of the Alamo back in 1836.

It was erected at the entrance of the old capitol in Austin before the building was destroyed by fire on November 9, 1881. The monument was also destroyed and broken up during the inferno; what became of these rocks that made up the structure is not known.

This old memorial was especially dedicated to the heroes of the Alamo. The names "BOWIE", "TRAVIS", "BONHAM" and "CROCKETT" stood out in bold relief, one on each side. On the north front of the shaft was this inscription: "To the God of the fearless and free is dedicated this altar, made from the ruins of the Alamo". On the east front was carved the message: "Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none." On the west front in bold letters was inscribed: "Blood of heroes hath stained me; let the stones of the Alamo speak that their immolation be not forgotten."

And to complete the message to the world, the south front stated: "Be they enrolled with Leonidas in the host of the mighty dead." A skull and crossbones on one front signified death. On another a coat of arms or shield. A dolphin, carved from the stone, was at each corner of the monument at the base of the first tier from which the shaft loomed skyward, with a flame atop. The significance of the dolphin may be found in the fact that it was the "sacred fish" of the Greeks and was a subject of many legends. It was known at that time to be friendly to man.

The dolphin was sacred to Apollo, who was worshiped at Delphi with the dolphins as his symbols. Many ancient coins and medals were imprinted with the dolphin likeness. The dolphin was on the shield of Ulysses, and the shield on the monument could have well been a copy of it. Dolphins were also on the shields of some of the princes of France and gave its name to a French province, whence the name of the heir apparent, the "dauphin," originated. Cannon,

North Inscription:

"To the God of the fearless and free is dedicated this altar, made from the ruins of the Alamo."

East Inscription:

"Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

Names "Bowie", "Travis", "Bonham" and "Crockett" in bold relief, one on each side.

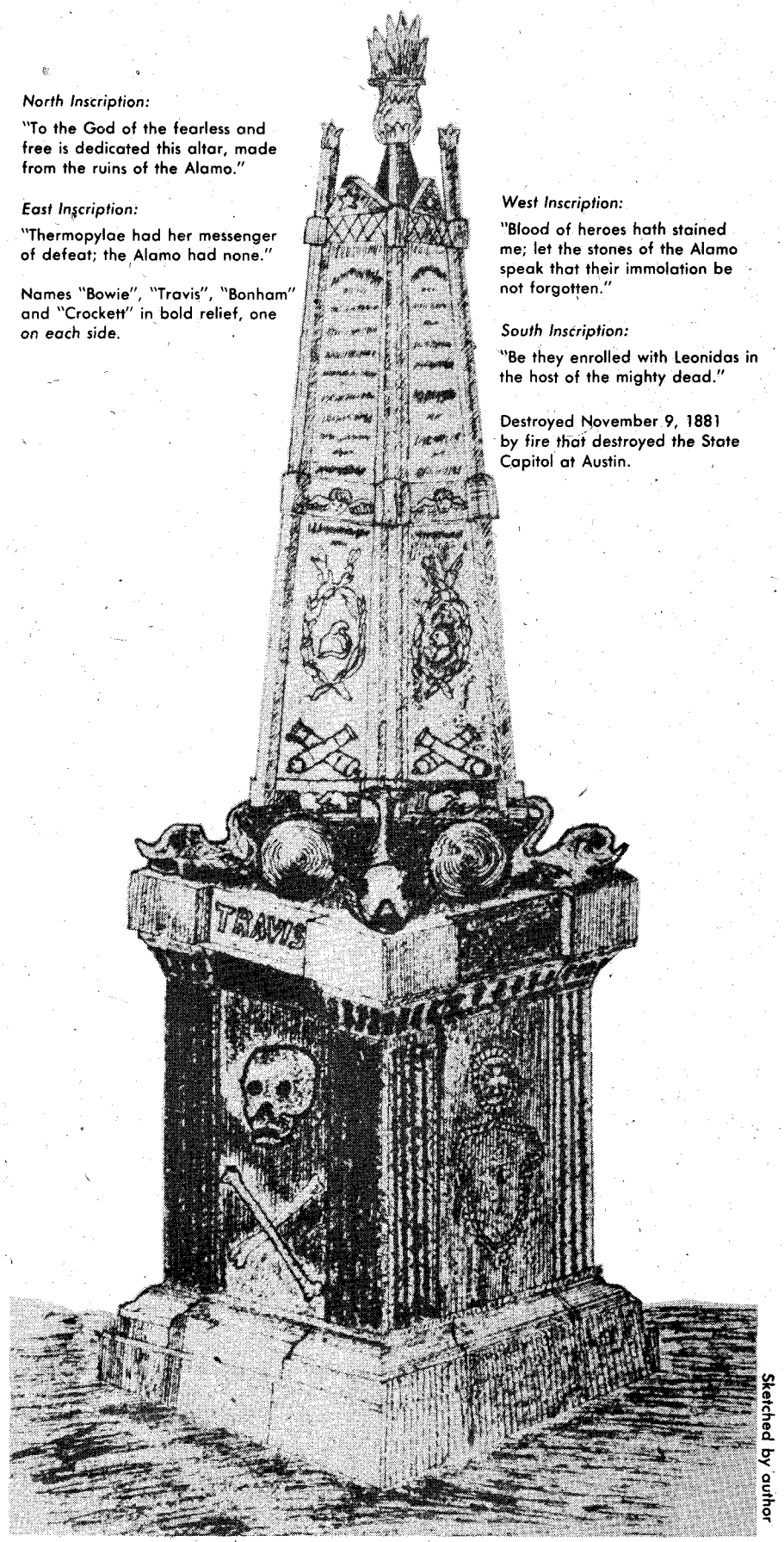
West Inscription:

"Blood of heroes hath stained me; let the stones of the Alamo speak that their immolation be not forgotten."

South Inscription:

"Be they enrolled with Leonidas in the host of the mighty dead."

Destroyed November 9, 1881 by fire that destroyed the State Capitol at Austin.



Sketched by author

FIRST ALAMO MONUMENT - 1881

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To The ALAMO HEROES

by O.L. Dolch, Jr.

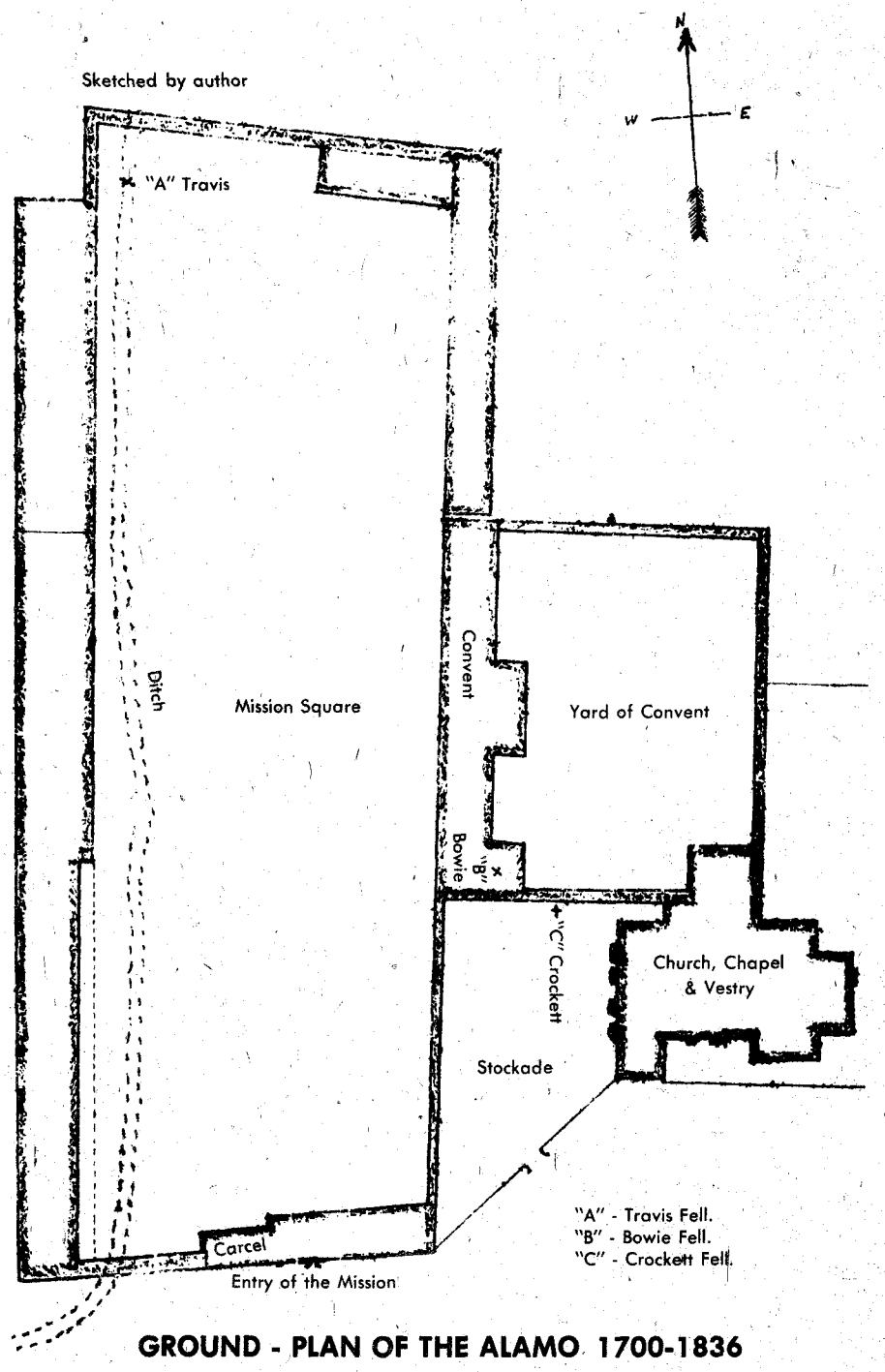
wreaths and other ornaments beside large cannon balls between the dolphins completed the structure of the old monument.

Soon after the old capitol was destroyed, a new capitol was built. The men of the Alamo were not forgotten, and a new monument was erected on the grounds of the State Capitol. This monument was not made from stones from the Alamo but from burnished red granite. It consists of a terraced pedestal, upon which rests four blocks of red granite. From this rises a pyramidal mass of the granite upon which is surmounted by a bronze statue of a Texas rifleman. The names of the men who fell at the Alamo are inscribed upon the sides of the columns.

In May of 1883, the State bought the Alamo Church for $20,000. Today, the visitor to San Antonio finds this silent yet eloquent reminder of the Texas Thermopylae in the midst of a busy city. Also, they find a new monument built to honor the Alamo and its defenders. On Alamo Plaza, which was once enclosed by the walls of the square of the mission, now stands the Cenotaph. It is now located outside the standing walls of the remaining restored walls of the Alamo Mission. It consists of a shaft that rises sixty feet from the huge base of the monument. On it are the names of the fallen heroes and statues. It stands as a silent reminder before the famous Texas Shrine.

The "Shrine" and the grounds of the Alamo were as follows: The church building, which is the "shrine," was built along with the "Alamo grounds" which was known as the "Alamo Mission" and amounted to 2½ to 3 acres of enclosed ground surrounded by a rock wall, along with buildings that served the same purpose as a wall. It was built as a place of safety for the settlers in case of Indian hostility. It did not have the strength nor was built to withstand an attack as a regular fortification against an army of soldiers. The church, or chapel, of the Alamo Mission was built of solid masonry that was four feet thick. The walls were seventy - five feet long, sixty - two feet wide, and twenty - two and a half feet high. It was one story high, but had windows that were built at an upper level with platforms under them to mount cannon.

A barrack which was connected to the church was one hundred and eighty six feet long and also built of solid stone. There was another barrack, a



GROUND - PLAN OF THE ALAMO 1700-1836

convent and yard of the convent, a stockade and a "carcel" or prison. There were two gates, both on the south side. One opened into the carcel and the other opened into the stockade, which was an enclosed area in front of the church. Crockett died in this stockade at its north wall about half way between the church and the east wall of the "square" of the mission, which was the enclosure west of the church and convent. The convent was in about the middle of the area on the east side, and north of the north stockade wall. Bowie died on the top end of the south side of the convent building. Travis died at the northwest corner of the Mission Square. His body was on the ground near the ditch that ran under the walls from north to south across the grounds. All others in the battle of the Alamo died in various parts of the area. ●RW

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FRANCIS PARKMAN— Traveler

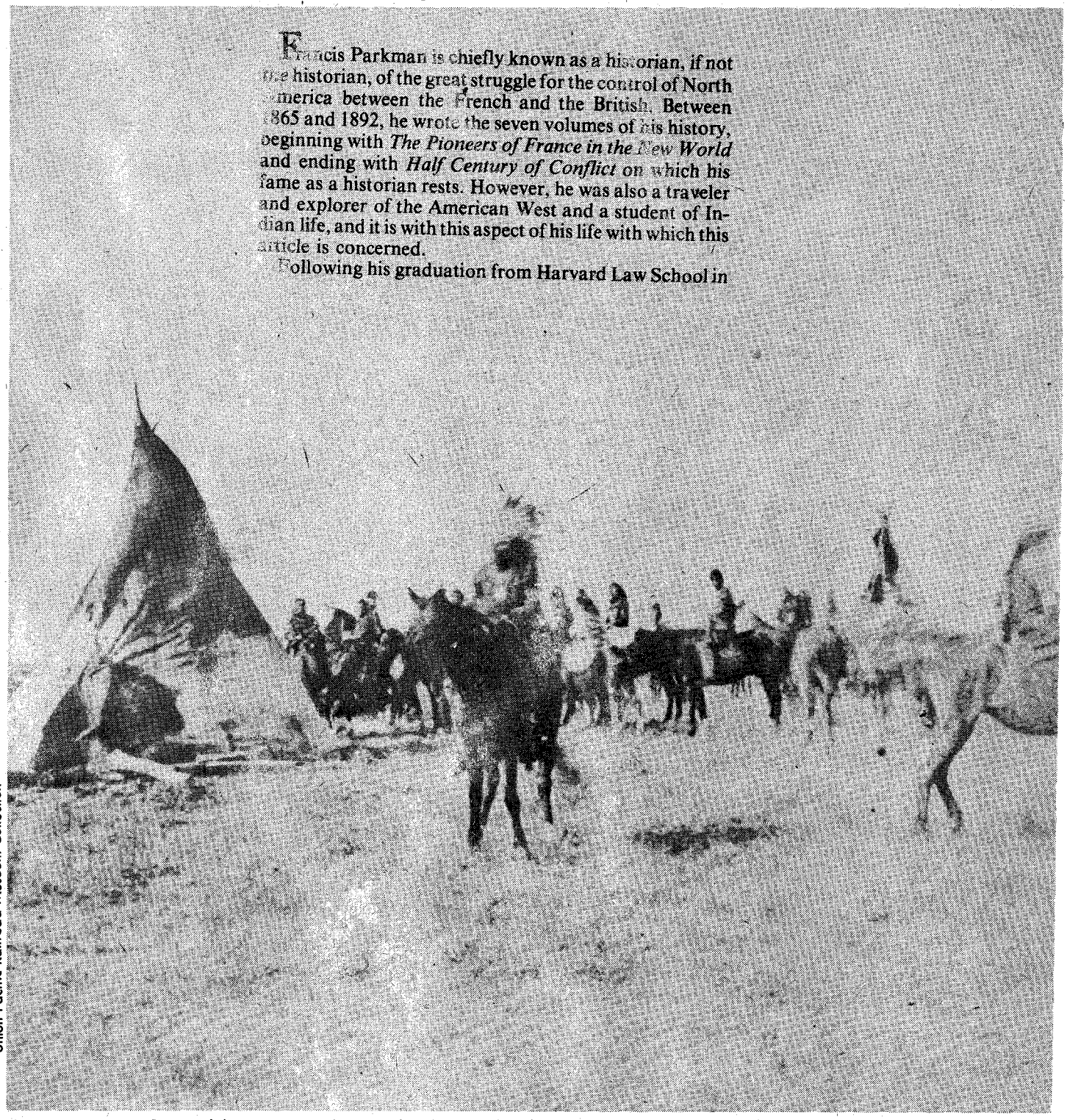
by R.L. Lowe

As postal rates for first-class mail went from 10 to 13 cents, the likeness of Fancis Parkman appeared on the 3-cent stamp that was issued to go along with any 10-cent stamps floating around.

Parkman's chronicles of the West are classics in their field, and the man himself is recognized as a great American annalist.

Francis Parkman is chiefly known as a historian, if not the historian, of the great struggle for the control of North America between the French and the British. Between 1865 and 1892, he wrote the seven volumes of his history, beginning with *The Pioneers of France in the New World* and ending with *Half Century of Conflict* on which his fame as a historian rests. However, he was also a traveler and explorer of the American West and a student of Indian life, and it is with this aspect of his life with which this article is concerned.

Following his graduation from Harvard Law School in



Union Pacific Railroad Museum Collection

Camp of the Pawnee Indians on the Platte Valley. Photograph taken by John Carbutt, Chicago, during an excursion to the 100th meridian of the Union Pacific Railroad's newly constructed line in October, 1866.

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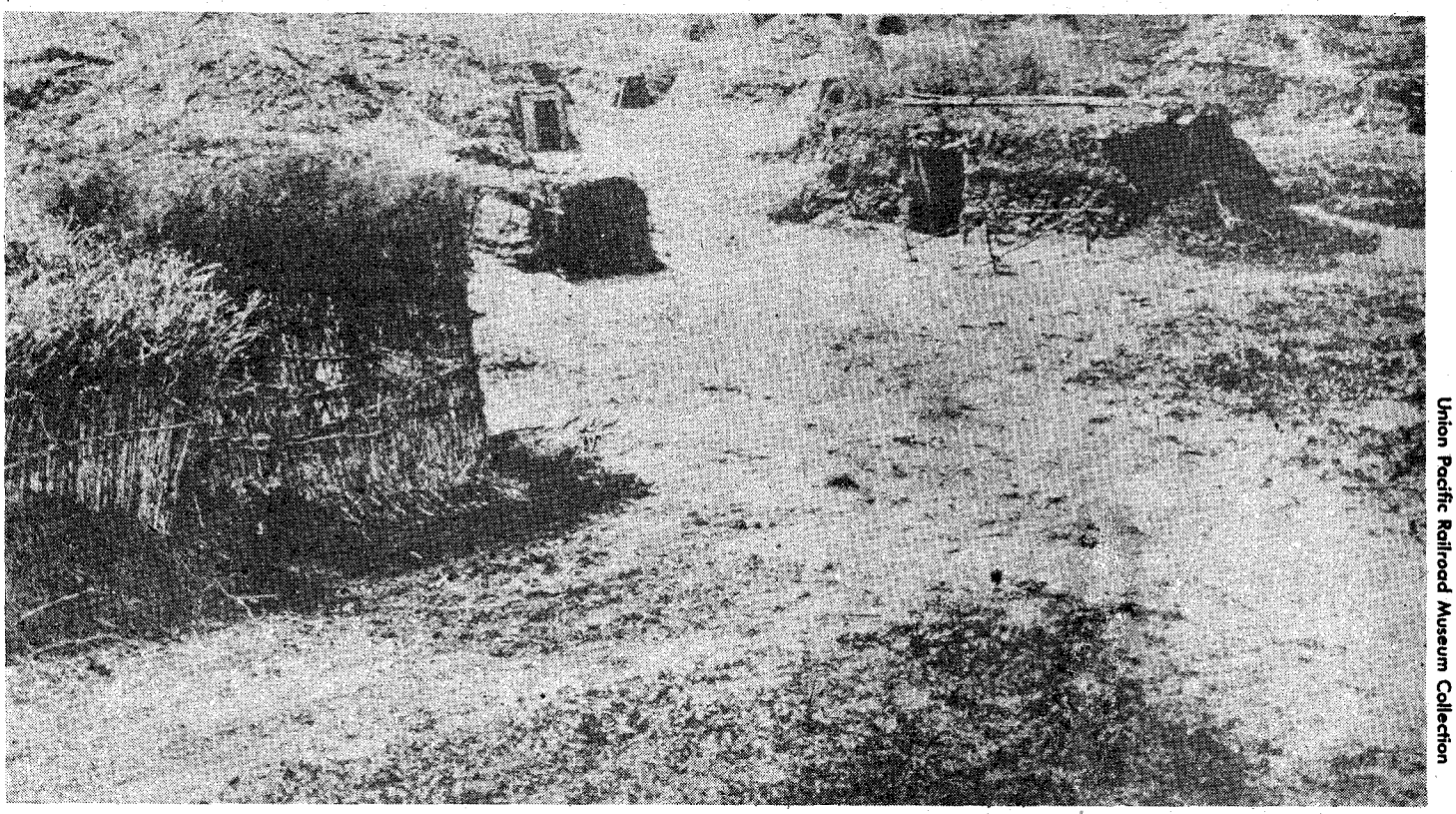

Union Pacific Railroad Museum Collection

Pawnee village at Genoa, Nebraska, 1872.

January of 1846, young Parkman, accompanied by his cousin Quincy Adams Shaw, set out for the West in April of the same year in search of adventure. The two young men traveled by steamer from St. Louis and on May 5th reached Westport. From there they headed for Fort Leavenworth in Delaware territory, together with Henry Chatillon, their incomparable guide, and Deslauriers, a French - Canadian muleteer. On May 24 the little party struck the Oregon Trail and made for the Platte River, in what is now Nebraska, which they reached on May 30.

A day or so later, Parkman had his first taste of buffalo hunting. He and Chatillon came upon an immense herd of these lumbering creatures and carefully worked their way around it. Riding up a grassy knoll, they came close to their prey and Chatillon shot one of them, after which they carved up its carcass for meat. On their return to camp, a violent storm rose up and they reached their tents soaked to the skin with icy water, but happy to have had a successful hunt.

The next morning they pushed on over the immense, undulating prairie till they met up with a party of British emigrants with whom they camped for a few days. One evening, as they were preparing their meal, a band of several hundred Indians came whooping and galloping towards them. Fully expecting to be scalped, the white men prepared for battle, but to their relief, the Indians wheeled as they came close and made off with some of their horses. Serious as this loss was, it was obviously better than being killed.

A few days later, while again hunting buffalo, Parkman became lost in the boundless prairie: he had ridden hard in pursuit of a wounded bull and there were no landmarks such as trees or outcropped rocks to guide him. He had, fortunately, a small compass to help him, and he rode northwards hoping to strike the Platte River, unaware that at this point the Platte deviates considerably from its eastward course. After two hours of riding, it became obvious that he had miscalculated. Fear now gripped him, but he had sense enough to follow a path trodden by the buffalo, reasoning, rightly as it turned out, that this would eventually take him to the Platte.

A day or so later, Parkman and his party said good-by to the British emigrants and went on by themselves towards Scott's Bluff. Here they met up with a young Indian warrior from a tribe known to Chatillon, and they followed him to the place where their tribe was encamped. The chief, Old Smoke, was also known to Chatillon, and the Parkman party spent some time with the Indians, giving Parkman an excellent opportunity to study their habits and way of life.

What struck Parkman was how dependent the Indians were on the buffalo: meat, clothing in the form of buffalo robes, beds and covering for the lodges, fuel (buffalo chips), strings for their bows, glue, thread, ropes for their horses, vessels for water, rawhide boats, as well as the means of trading what the buffalo produced for other necessities and occasional luxuries.

While at the camp, Parkman witnessed a fight between several Indians — shots were fired and bowstrings twanged — and in trying to quieten down the participants, Mahtho - Tatonka, a chief, was killed.

At about this time, Parkman became ill with dysentery and inflamed eyes, caused by the glare and dust of the plains, and he had a hard time of it, feeling dizzy and weak and almost unable to ride his horse. However with characteristic fortitude he managed to keep going.

On June 13 the Parkman group arrived at Fort Laramie, which was swarming with emigrants, trappers and Indians. Old Smoke, the Oglala chieftain, was there and he invited Parkman to a feast, featuring boiled dog, which Parkman manfully swallowed. Among the crowd of trappers and hunters were the famous James Bordeaux and Pierre Louis Vasquez, a partner of the legendary Jim Bridger. As for Parkman, he was invited to stay at an Oglala village, where he had ample time to study Indian ways and lore.

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Union Pacific Railroad Museum Collection

Pitalesharu - head chief of the Pawnees.

After he had lived in the village for a few days, Parkman decided to give a banquet in honor of his host, Big Crow. By trading some beads and vermilion for a white dog belonging to a squaw, he acquired the main course for the feast, and soon his host and his friends were seated in Big Crow's lodge, devouring the dog meat as well as some bread and tea.

After the meal was over, the Indians packed a pipe with tobacco and *sonsasha,* or red willow bark, and soon the pipe passed from mouth to mouth as the Indians began telling stories of hunting and war. Parkman also made a speech, telling the Indians that the name of their nation was well known among the *Meneaska,* or white men, and that he felt honored by being allowed to dwell among them. He had brought with him two or three pounds of tobacco, which he cut up and distributed to the Indians, much to their great satisfaction.

Then an old chief named Mene-Seela made a speech, saying that the time had come for his tribe to acquire new buffalo skins for their lodges, the old ones being in poor condition, and that for the purpose, they had to kill many buffalo cows — the skin of bulls being too thick for the squaws to work into coverings. This plan produced a good deal of debate, but was finally adopted by all those present, in spite of the risk involved in following the buffalo in territory belonging to the Snakes, their enemies.

When the time came for the hunt, Parkman accompanied a band of Indians to the hunting grounds, where they were almost immediately successful in locating a large herd of cows. Minutes later the Indians attacked the animals from two sides, while the fear-crazed buffalo fled in all directions.

As they galloped in pursuit, the Indians discharged arrow after arrow, and soon the plain was dotted with dead or dying cows. Presently the hunt ended and the task began of flaying and cutting up the meat; and an hour or so later the hides and meat were piled on the horses and the hunters returned to their lodges.

After a short rest, some of the hunters gathered in the lodge of Parkman's host and engaged in excited telling of the days' events, gorging themselves upon the fresh meat and afterwards smoking the pipe.

Finally, on August 3, Parkman rejoined his cousin Shaw at Fort Laramie, and on the next day the two

(continued on page 58)

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JIM SHIRLEY'S LAST GOODBYE

by Billy Kelly

Roving bands of outlaws often had to be on the lookout for the unexpected, such as lawmen or vigilantes. Of one thing the outlaws had to be certain: that their next victim be an easy mark.

Jim Shirley and his gang had set their sights on a small-town bank in Colorado. On an October day in the 1890s, the "mark" proved anything but "easy."

Meeker, Colorado was a small town of some 1,000 inhabitants and consisting, as do many such places, of one long street, with branches leading in the direction of several neighboring farms on the outskirts.

It was as peaceful and quiet, as dull and monotonous, as most small country towns need be; so that the usual stray visitor is wont to exclaim against the stagnation of the place, and left to wonder what its inhabitants can find to interest them sufficiently to keep them alive or, for that matter, awake.

That is, up until October 13, 1896.

For it was on this day, with the early sunset, that three well-armed, dangerous desperados entered the sleepy little town by way of the White River, and nonchalantly tied their horses to the hitching post just outside of the Hugus & Company General Store.

Unmistakably, these three men were the well-known outlaws from the Browns Park country of northwestern Colorado, where they had overstayed their welcome and had since taken to flight.

Jim Shirley was the leader. He was medium-sized, a man with hermit-like tastes. He was about 48 years old and sported deep-set, gray eyes. His principal claim to fame was that he had killed about eight men, but he had somehow always managed to escape the clutches of the law.

The second man, like Shirley, sported about two-weeks growth of beard. His name was George Law. At one time he had worked for A.D. Boswald at the Lily Park Cattle Company, but his unwillingness to settle for a cowboy's life and small wages brought him to the depths of outlawry. George Law had been in and out of prison and had once remarked: "I'd just as soon swing as go back to prison. I'm tried of prisons. Next time I'd just as soon get the rope and get it over with!"

On another occasion, the usually restrained bandit stated that the odds were three to one, and he was willing to pay. That is, he meant that he had killed three men and the law was only getting one in return.

The third wild ruffian was known only as — The Kid. A striking example of 'The Wanted Man,' he walked through life looking over his shoulder, making sure he wasn't being followed. He suspected trail hands, archeologists, storekeepers, ticket sellers and compositors of stalking him. The Kid loved the life of an outlaw, because romantic stories of success had been indigenous to the American scene for quite some time and were hard to pass.

The Kid was barely in his twenties, his head was too large for his body, and he walked sort of stoop-shouldered. He had been a horse trainer. To supplement his meager earnings he teamed up with Shirley and George Law and went for the exciting life of an outlaw, like a marlin goes for a mullet. He was cleanshaven and had a thick, bull-like neck. His hair was long but curly and seemed to raise his hat from his head.

There is no record that he had ever killed his man; in fact, the Kid seems to have covered up his trail pretty well, for history has failed to even uncover his real name.

The three men spent most of the morning in the local bar. They sat off in a corner, talking low, almost at a whisper. Every few minutes, the Kid would get up and peer out of the window at the stone-front store across the street. The establishment was owned by Hugus & Company. At the east end of the store was the bank of Meeker. A.C. Moulton not only managed the store, but he also was head cashier of the bank.

George Law and the Kid were overanxious; they wanted to get on with the job. They glanced at each other frequently, then looked out the window at the bank. Their leader sat at the table, shaking the little bit of beer left in his glass, watching the foam appear and disappear. Shirley got up and walked over to the fireplace and crouched over the blazing logs. His face was yellow-olive in color, thin to emaciation, haggard and wan. His eyes had a dreamy quietude in them, like those of a person habituated to soothing drugs. His figure was scantily draped in a faded, worn coat. The outline of his long angular limbs were rendered more observable by an obvious lameness.

In his mouth was a long and much used clay pipe, the bowl black as ebony. He paused an instant in his puffing to watch the bartenders change shifts (as they later stated), then he proceeded to smoke at ease.

Impatiently, the Kid stared out of the window and watched Dave Smith, assistant cashier of the bank, lead his horse to a trough fed by a mountain stream; afterwards he put the tired animal into the barn, throwing before him some corncobs and a bit of coarse hay. Then he returned to the bank.

Jim Shirley pulled the collar of his black turtleneck

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sweater up around his chin, looked at the clock which had struck three, and said: "Let's go, boys."

Both his partners smiled; they were uneasy and didn't have the patience their leader had.

They walked across the street towards the bank. "I'll meet you boys inside," Shirley said, relighting his pipe.

Uncomplainingly, the other two shook his hand as if they all knew that this was to be their last goodbye. Shirley watched as his two companions rounded the corner of Sixth and Main streets and headed toward the front of the store-bank.

Now they were inside. The doors and the windows were wide open, permitting a faint current of a cool breeze to pass through the room; outside, the intense white sunlight glittered on every reflecting surface, and the ineffable violet sky soared to an immense height.

For some in that room, it was their last day on earth.

George Law stood in front of the cashier's cage; fondly the Kid watched him, stirring with adventure inside. Jim Shirley entered the rear door, unnoticed.

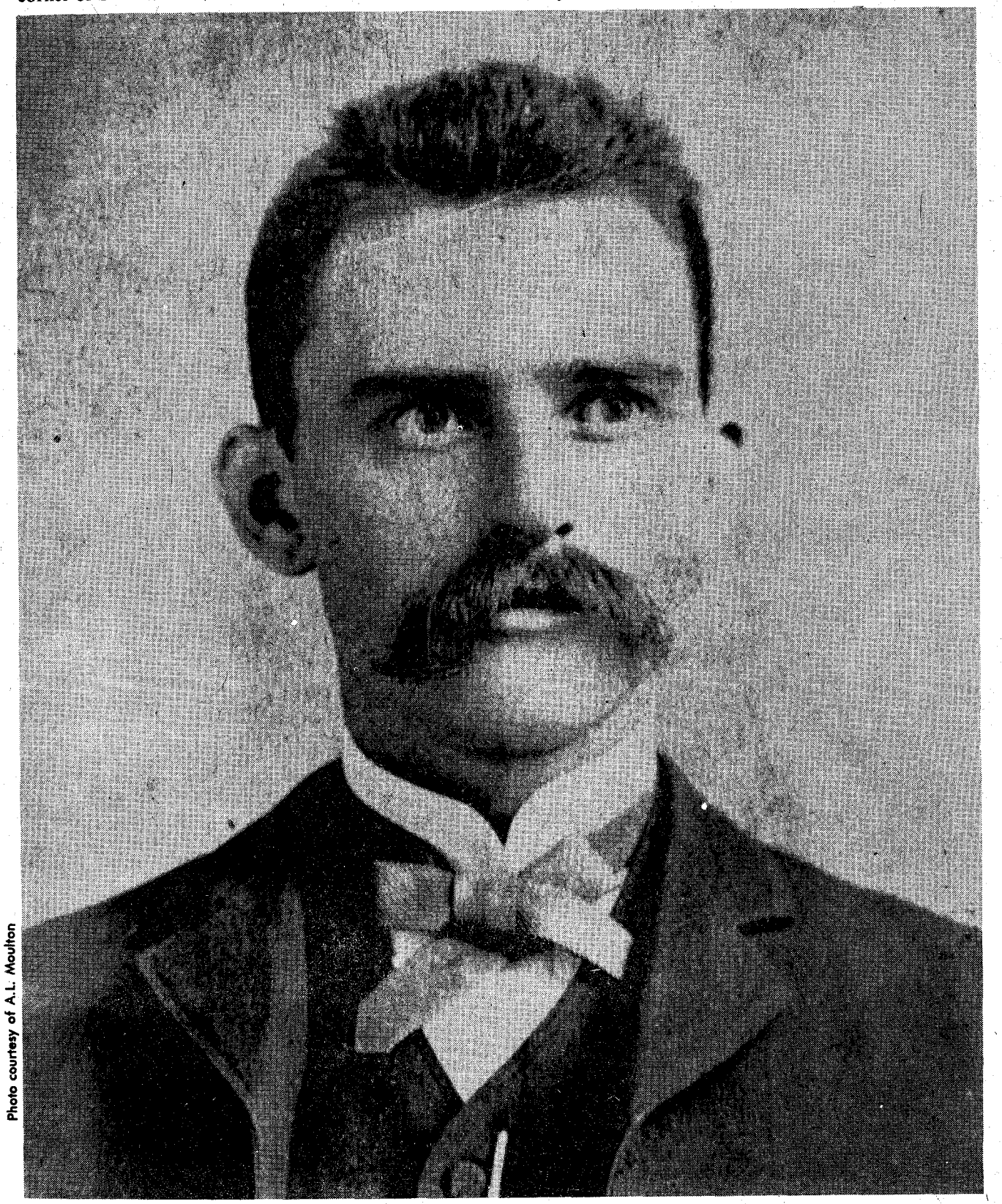

Photo courtesy of A.L. Moulton

A.C. Moulton at the time of the robbery in Meeker, Colorado.

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Author's Collection

Jim Shirley ... peaceful in death ... shot trying to hold up a bank on October 13, 1896.

Mr. Moulton and his staff were busy with paying customers.

Jim Shirley moved closer to the action, his left hip appeared to have lost its power of articulation. He moved with pain and difficulty.

The assistant cashier, Dave Smith, was busy with Joe Rooney, employee of the Meeker Hotel. Smith nodded to George Law, who waited patiently, as if to say: "Be with you in a minute." George nodded and smiled back, as if to say: "Take your time."

Smith now finished with Rooney, moved over to the next cage, glanced up at George Law and asked meekly: "Yes, sir, may I help you?"

The massive brain of George Law went into gear. He pulled his pistol, and as a precautionary measure pulled the trigger at the same instant. If anyone was more surprised than the cashier, it was Jim Shirley who could only cry out. The startled cashier threw up his hands, but not fast enough for the lovable outlaw who fired another shot into the ceiling, allowing the sunlight to gleam through a cranny.

You draw back here to ponder the fate of the amateurish outlaws. I mean, two shots fired in the middle of the afternoon in an otherwise quiet little town should attract some attention. Statistics make this judgment indisputable.

Quick as light, Jim Shirley and the Kid covered the others with their weapons and crammed the observers into a corner of the store.

Meanwhile, on the outside, understandably aroused by the shots, Tom Sherrin, employee of the Meeker Hotel, ran unannounced into the saloon and fetched C.J. Duffy, Phil Barnhart, Phil Jenkins, and some others from the poker table with shouts that the bank was being robbed.

Wistfully they ran up and down the streets, spreading the alarm while mothers snatched their kids from the streets.

Within minutes a small army had gathered. Armed with pistols, rifles and clubs, they concealed themselves behind doors and windows, and were rapidly climbing to the rooftops of neighboring buildings where they would wait to greet the robbers when they retreated from the bank.

Resolved that they had all day, the bandits took their sweet time as if it were a promotional stunt. Law forced Joe Rooney and Dave Smith to the corner of the bank office where, under the gun, the two frightened employees tried desperately to open the locked door which separated the store and the bank.

After several unsuccessful attempts, a disgruntled George marched his two victims back, where they joined the others.

Rising from the ashes of despair, Jim Shirley took over. The time had come for a mighty effort. He calmly approached Moulton and with a slow draw announced pensively, "Sir, I want you!" Then he politely pointed toward the locked door. George Law tagged along, while the Kid guarded the frightened employees as if he had taken a solemn oath.

"Mr. Moulton, open the door," Shirley commanded soberly. Moulton lost little time in obeying; the act may well have been his salvation.

The door now open, Shirley asked quizzically, "The money, Mr. Moulton, where is it?" Like a man suffering from combat injury,

(continued on page 60)

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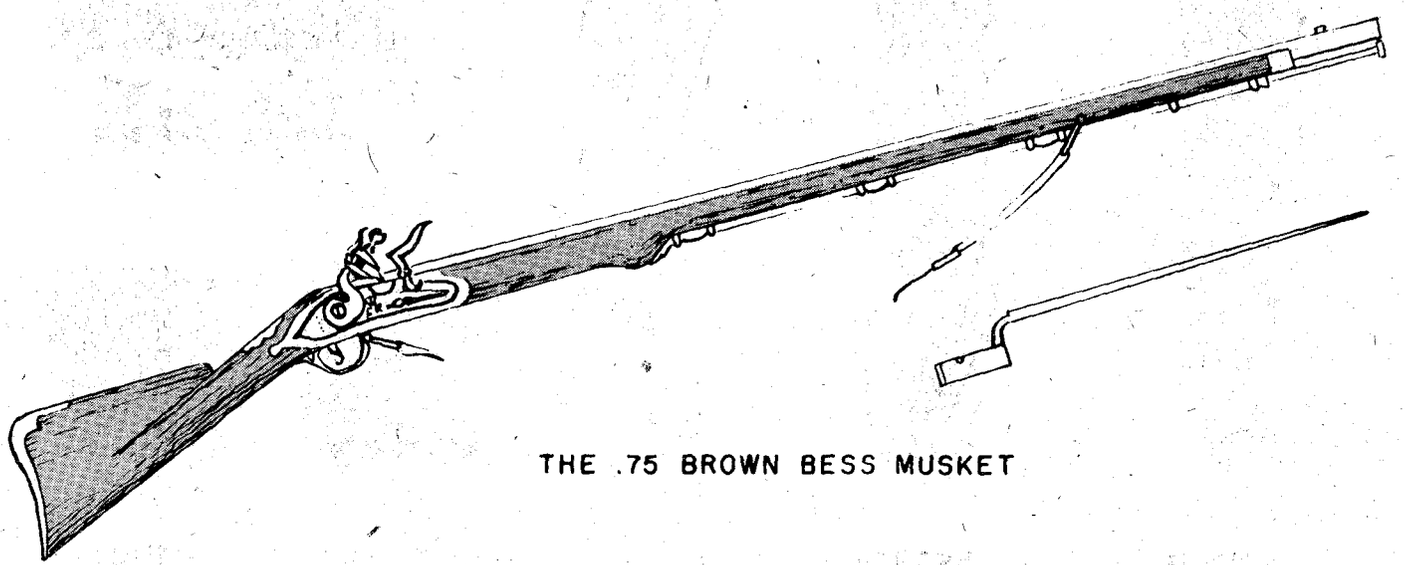
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



THE .75 BROWN BESS MUSKET

Some may ask, what does a British Revolutionary War musket have to do with the history of firearms in our American West? Quite a bit, actually.

The famous "Brown Bess," and other military muskets of that era, saw much use in the West after the Revolution. For one thing, they were standard arms of many parties of early explorers. Especially when the government backed the exploration, their records show many muskets and musket balls listed among their supplies.

The true pathfinders of the West were the "mountain men," the free trappers who ranged so far in their widening search for beaver. The trails and routes first opened by such men as Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Glass and Sublette were later followed by the wagon trains in their westward migration.

The mountain man was in a class by himself. Fearless and completely self-reliant, he braved every danger of starvation, hostile Indians or whatever came his way. Often traveling alone, he relied on his personal weapons to see him through.

Strange as it may seem, a smoothbore musket of very large caliber was often his first choice in the flintlock era long before the advent of the later Hawken rifle. There were sound reasons for this. Obsolete military muskets were cheap and plentiful after the war. A musket could be loaded faster than a muzzleloading rifle, and this was often considered more important than accuracy at long range — something a trapper seldom needed. Lastly, the musket packed a tremendous wallop compared to the slender Kentucky rifle. This was an important point when tangling with a huge grizzly.

So the smoothbore musket of large caliber was ideal for the mountain man. He could also use it with bird shot for small game — something he would not do so well with a rifle!

The Brown Bess is a good example of such military muskets. Although it was the official infantry arm of the British forces, many had been used by both sides in the Revolution, and they were readily available afterward.

The "Short Land Pattern" British musket gained the nickname of "Brown Bess" due to its stock color. Earlier models of British muskets had their stocks painted black. Before the war, the Long Land Pattern had

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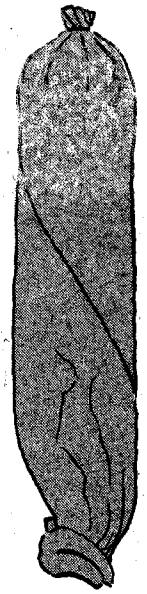
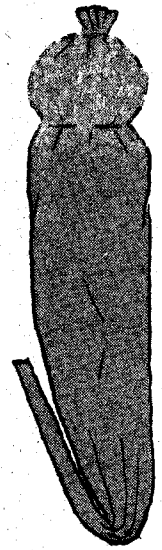
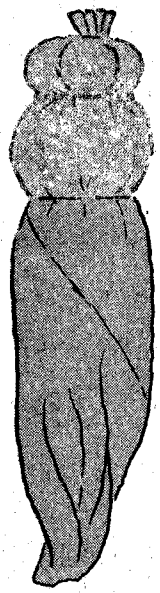
THE BROWN BESS



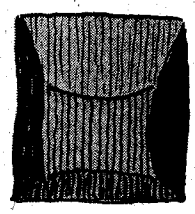
AMERICAN CARTRIDGE



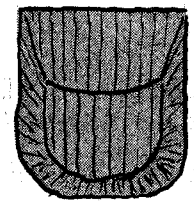
FRENCH CARTRIDGE



BUCK & BALL CARTRIDGE



ENGLISH FLINT



FRENCH FLINT

Sketched by author

boasted a barrel 46 inches long, but the later model had a 42-inch barrel. Both were .75 caliber. The huge ball weighed almost 600 grains, and the original powder charge was about 164 grains of black powder. No wonder it was popular in grizzly country!

For trappers' use, the barrel was often cut much shorter. With the leather sling to go over the shoulder, this made a light and convenient weapon in the woods.

I have recently done a lot of shooting with a Brown Bess — an exact copy currently made by Navy Arms Company of Ridgefield, N.J., for the coming Bicentennial celebration. This gave me an opportunity to see just what these muskets were like and to learn a bit more about our rugged forefathers.

With the refined and more powerful black powder of today, the original load should be reduced accordingly. With 100 grains of FFg, and a .75 caliber ball lightly held in with a small wad of cartridge paper, the beltin' Brown Bess really speaks with authority. Once I hit the frame the target was attached to, and the shock took half the frame away.

Finally, I wanted to try the famous "buck and ball" load, used in the Revolution to repel charges. On top of the big ball I dropped three double-ought buckshot (about .32 caliber) and followed with a very small amount of paper wadding. I primed the flintlock pan with FFFFg, and fired at a paper "silhouette" target (man-sized) about 20 yards distant. When the smoke finally cleared away, the huge ball hole was centered in the chest area, with the three buckshot holes spaced around it and each about eight inches from it. Every one would have been in a vital area.

This experience was a lot of fun, but it also proved a point. The old-timers of 200 years ago knew exactly what they were doing when they relied upon a smoothbore musket in a land where everything that moved was a potential enemy!

With its big flint, wide frizzen area and heavy mainspring, the Brown Bess was pretty sure-fire and dependable. It also was a handsome arm, with its long fullstock and polished brass trim.

I have hung mine over my fireplace, with a powder horn. There it will always remind me of the founding of our nation, and a day when our forefathers dared to face anything — as long as they had their musket! **RW**

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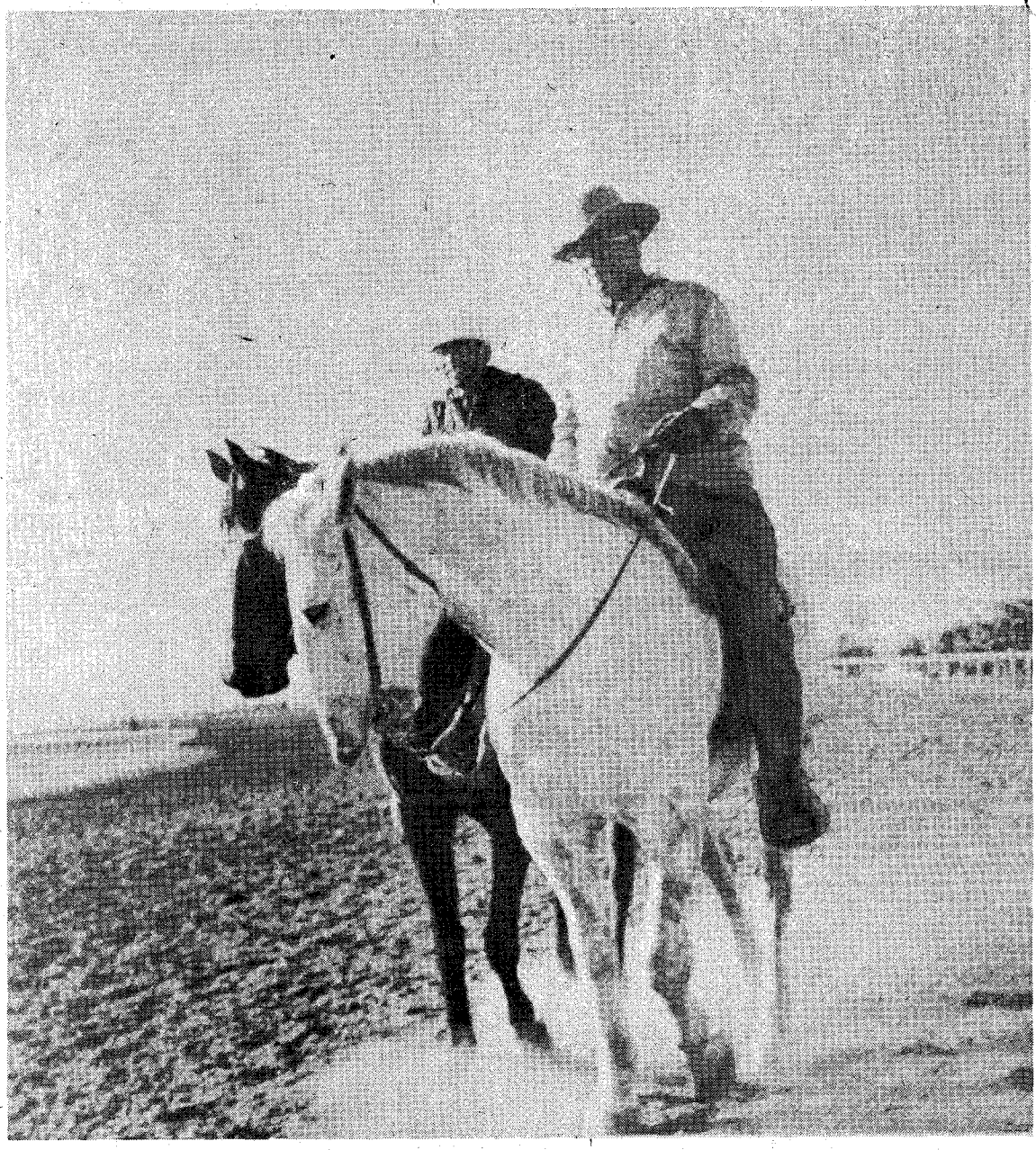
"MISTER ARIZONA" Was Doc Pardee

by Helen Clark



Doc Pardee leading one of his thoroughbreds at the Paradise Turf at Phoenix, where many of Doc's horses competed.

Photo by author

Death had to overtake a grand old cowboy, turfman and Wild West Show producer before the world would learn his true age. It was the one secret he guarded all his life. Doc (Cecil W.) Pardee died in July of 1975 at the age of 90. He had the great good fortune, thanks to tremendous stamina and good health, to stay young in the saddle almost to the end.

Call at Doc's enormous thoroughbred ranch in Glendale, Arizona, and he would tell you anything you wanted to know, with the exception of the number of years which were behind him.

It seemed there wasn't anything that Doc didn't know about the great riders and horses in rodeo, the long-distance champions of the turf, and the secrets of breeding fine equines. What he might have forgotten — for it's possible he forgot more than a lot of people knew —he could find in his marvelous library at his thoroughbred farm. The walls of his library were lined with pictures of rodeo and race horse celebrities, but Doc's favorite picture was of himself a-stride the great Man O' War. How Doc loved that horse, although he did not own it, but it had the heart he wanted all his own equines to possess.

For years Doc was affectionately known as "Mister Arizona," after he appeared in a movie about his adopted state. But he was Kansas-born, the son of Frank Ernest Pardee, his father a

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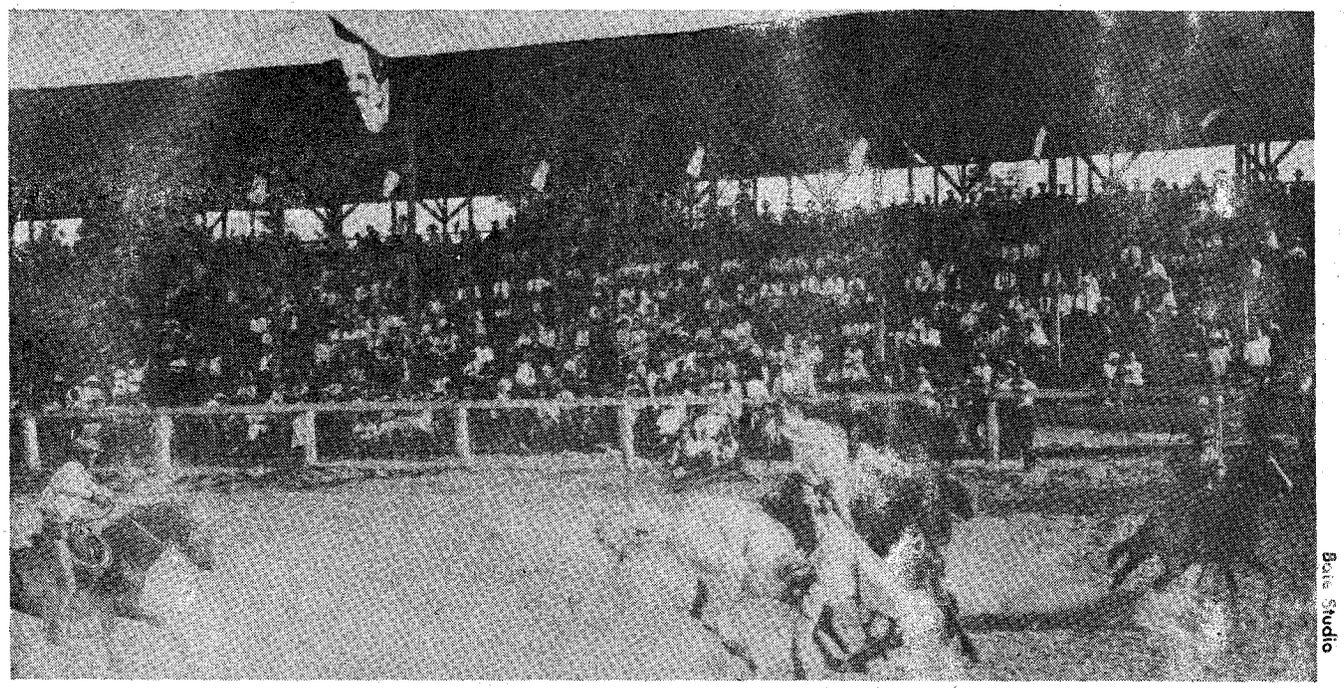

Boise Studio

Doc Pardee on a salty bronc at Prescott Frontier Days, July, 1922.

raiser of fine horses and a farmer. Doc had one sister and three brothers, but he was survived by only two nephews, Doc's wife, Edith, having preceded him in death by several years.

To friends who knew Doc in his Phoenix suburb, surrounded by his thoroughbreds, it came as a surprise that as a young man he had owned and operated his own Wild West show, which bore his name: "Doc Pardee's Wild West Show." He had acquired such distinction the hard way: by work and long application.

As a lad of seven, grieving at the death of his mother, he left home. He went to work for a kind and gentle country doctor, feeding and grooming the doctor's buggy horses, Jim and Maude. But the doctor forgot to be gentle when Doc raced Jim against a long-distance runner in a bet which the doctor's brother rigged up. The horse, Jim, won, but Doc lost, for the M.D. fired him. The doctor's brother won $2.50, but Doc got only $.30 which was his jockey fee. Thus went Doc's first job.

Next he went to work for a farmer, but Doc's father brought home a new bride, and the happily married couple went to fetch Doc home to live with them; in time, they moved to Oklahoma, and Doc liked it there immensely, but he went back to Kansas City to enroll in the Western Veterinary College, thus forever after, the name "Doc."

"I couldn't shut out the siren call that was rodeo," Doc used to say when recounting the years of his early manhood. He loved rodeo with a passion. He became an outstanding cowboy. He stood six feet tall and weighed almost 200 pounds. He had reddish-brown hair, blue eyes, and a great smile, and he won friends wherever he went with his quick Irish wit and humor.

His specialty in rodeo was saddle bronc riding, and he won many championships, the proudest of which to him were at Dewey and Stillwater, Okla., and Prescott, Arizona. It was at Prescott that in later years he was to serve at the mike as a rodeo announcer. One novelty act which Doc perfected when following the circuit, and staging his own Wild West shows, was to ride a bucking horse with the saddle on backwards. He was also capable at team roping. But as he grew older and old injuries plagued him (although he only bucked off saddle broncs about four times in his rodeo career), he turned to raising long-distance runners. At the peak of his career, he had approximately 100 brood mares standing in his stable. His great stallions included They Say, Lights Up, Flying Fury, Wisconsin Boy, Tarquitana, and Be Sure Now.

Although Doc was celebrated by many journalists, he would always say: "Others will come after me who will do the job I am doing and do it better." He would insist that no one who took up horse breeding would ever take his own life. "A lifetime is such a short span of years to try to improve the blooded horse."

For years Doc emulated the man a

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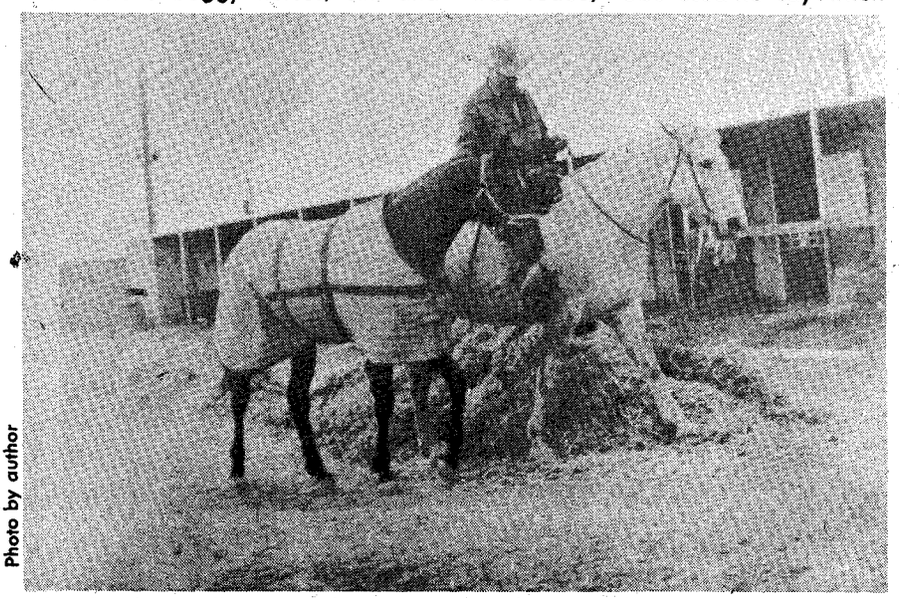

Photo by author

Doc Pardee, walking one of his race horses after an early morning workout. This picture is taken at Phoenix at the turf where Turf Paradise and Arizona Downs are held.

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From Author's collection

Bass Reeves — 1840-1910.

BASS REEVES
Black Deputy U.S. Marshal

by Charles W. Mooney

It has been shown over and over that one gets respect by earning it, and not by demanding it. To gain respect from others is something to strive for.

The Indian Territory at the turn of the century contained people of different ethnic backgrounds, races, and occupations (both legal and illegal). If a survey had been taken as to who was respected, one name would surely have popped up: Bass Reeves.

Bass Reeves, the invincible black Deputy U.S. Marshal, carved his reputation as a lawman second to none. He was one of a kind, unequalled in the peformance of duty or his keen perception of "getting his man." His

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name was well respected by both law enforcement authorities and the outlaws in the last frontier of our country — the Indian Territory. For over 32 years this fearless Deputy Marshal pursued his outlaw adversaries on the Hoot Owl Trail in the yet untamed wilds of the Indian Nations, before and after the turn of the century.

Born a slave in the ante-bellum days in about 1840, Reeves spent his childhood near Van Buren, Arkansas, adjacent to the Western Cherokees. First appointed a Deputy Marshal when over 40 years of age in the early 1880s, he was undaunted by being black and living in the South during the aftermath of the devastating Civil War. Bass Reeves made the best of his situation. He literally pulled himself up by his own bootstraps.

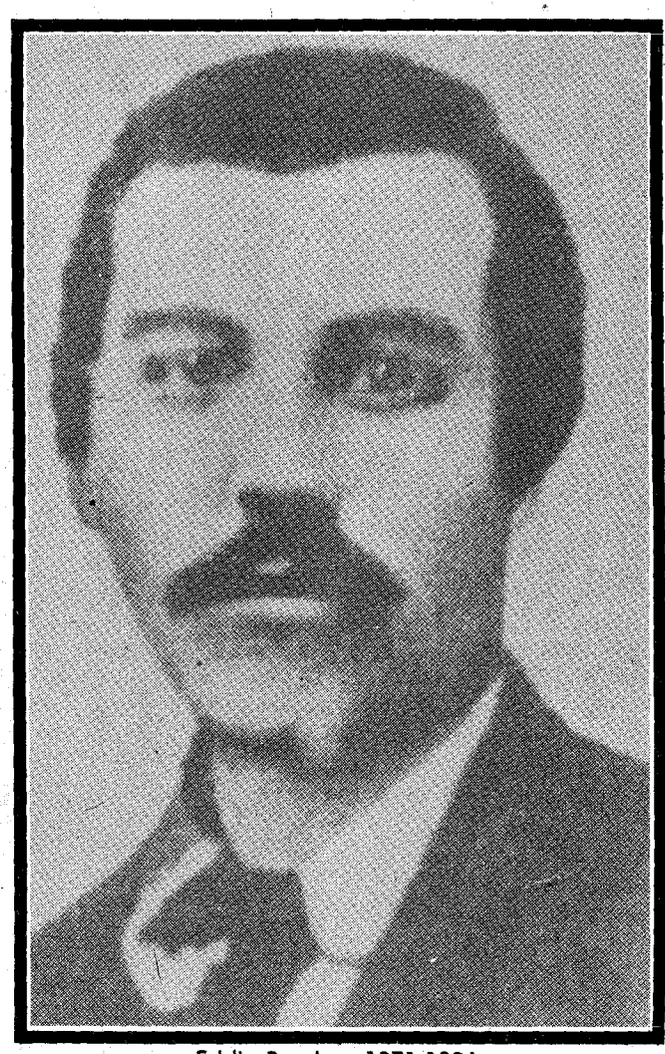
Although there were other black Deputy Marshals in Indian Territory before the turn of the century, it was an extreme variance with custom, and still a rarity. But no one compared with the intrepid Bass Reeves. He was as tough as they came, the epitome of his ilk, and a standout among men during his era. Over the many years he served, Reeves had many narrow escapes. More than once his belt was shot in two, buttons were shot off his coat during wintertime, his hatband was shot off, and the bridle reins, held in his hands, were cut by a bullet. All this, not to mention the holes in his hat, shirt and trousers. Reeves explained that these near tragedies were the result of fast draws but inaccurate shooting. He always said it was one thing to draw fast, but still, straight shooting was that little difference between life and death.

Many times Bass Reeves proved his mettle and prowess with his two big .45 caliber pistols, and drew them with lightning speed. He knew a split-second edge meant the difference in living to tell the story. Frequently he was "called out" for a showdown by drunken gunslingers at rambunctious saloons in old Oklahoma Territory. He was one of the few Deputy Marshals who dared go into the iniquitous border-town saloons at Violet Springs, The Corner, Youngs Crossing, and at Keokuk Falls. Here buckets of blood were literally spilled daily on the rough, wooden floors. Several outlaws challenged his ability with his six-guns when confronted with their arrest, and 14 were killed by their foolish judgment and the lightning draw of Bass Reeves.

Although illiterate by academic standards, Marshal Reeves was cunning and unusually intelligent. Ironically, he could neither read or write, but he had a remarkable memory. When given a stack of written warrants for arrest of outlaws, they read each of them to him slowly. He memorized the names in order at the time, knowing who they were and the charges against them. Once a new Justice Department official wanted to fire him, because he could not do the paper work normally required of a Deputy Marshal. But Bass had too many friends, and he stayed on. His keen memory overshadowed the use of pencil and paper.

Lighthorsemen or Indian Police in the Five Civilized Nations could not pursue a fugitive beyond their Nation boundaries, nor could they arrest a citizen of the U.S. This role became the duty of the Deputy U.S. Marshals, as they had this authority. Reeves worked closely with the Lighthorsemen, and they respected him. He always rode a big sorrel horse, which he loved best next to his duty. Bass was a big, broad-shouldered man, standing fully six feet, and he had unusually large hands. He rode high in his saddle and was cleanshaven except for a bushy mustache, common for men during this era in Indian Territory. He could be easily recognized at long distances.

Over a span of many years while serving as a Deputy Marshal, stories still echo from yesteryear about the



From author's collection

Eddie Reed — 1871-1896.

many disguises he used in tricking outlaw fugitives. In fact, he was a master of disguise. Sometimes he dressed as a cowboy, a tramp, a gunslinger or outlaw, and he used many aliases. At times he had as many as ten prisoners in an open wagon, all handcuffed and chained together, enroute to the Federal jail at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Later he worked out of the Federal Court established at Pauls Valley in 1895, and also at Muskogee, Indian Territory, and Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory. Always dressed neatly when not in disguise, he was noted for his politeness and courteous manner.

One of the most famous and best remembered of all his disguises and accomplishments was when he dressed as an indigent tenant farmer. He received a tip that some outlaws were holed up in an abandoned log cabin about a mile east of the saloon town of Keokuk Falls, in Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma Territory. Keokuk Falls in the last decade of the century was one of the wildest, most fierce saloon towns on the border of the Creek Nation. All the Indian Nations were dry, and residents there had to go across the border in Oklahoma Territory to get whiskey, where saloons were legal. The Wewoka Trading Post, then owned by Gov. John F. Brown, Jr., Chief of the Seminoles, had been robbed, and Bass Reeves was investigating the robbery. His trail led to Keokuk Falls. Informants there told him that men such as Bass described had been in the Red Dog Saloon the night before, and were believed to have ridden east into the Creek Nation. Bass then followed. Finally he located the abandoned cabin, with smoke coming out of the chimney. All this led to his decision to use the disguise of a tenant farmer.

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The next morning, Bass rented a yoke of flea-bitten, aged oxen hitched to a ramshackle wagon of outdated vintage and usage, and proceeded towards the half-hidden cabin in a cluster of trees. Driving close to the cabin, he deliberately got the wagon hung up on a large tree stump. When the unsuspecting outlaws came out to get him free, so he could be on his way and leave the quietude of their hideout, Bass first let them lift the wagon free. Then Bass calmly reached into both his patched overalls pockets, came out with his two .45 caliber six-shooters, and got the drop on all four of the careless outlaws. None challenged that authority.

After disarming them and backing them away from their guns on the ground, he gathered their weapons and put them in his wagon. Then, handcuffing them, he chained them together and padlocked them to the wagon wheel, while he recovered the stolen money and loot from the cabin. The Marshal then marched all of them in front of his wagon on foot to the county seat at Tecumseh, a distance of over thirty miles. There they were properly jailed by Sheriff Billy Trousdale, and later taken to the Federal jail at Guthrie, where the robbers were convicted.

Another well-remembered episode of the fearless Deputy Marshal occurred when notices were issued offering a $5000 reward for the capture of two notorious outlaw brothers. While studying different ways he might employ to capture the boys, he learned they were believed to be somewhere near the Texas border in the Chickasaw Nation. He pursued on horseback in that direction, and enroute he decided on his disguise. It was that of a tramp and beggar. Obtaining a completely worn-out and bedraggled pair of patched overalls, an old blue faded shirt and a pair of old shoes from which he removed the heels, he completed his disguise with a walking cane and a floppy old hat in which he shot three bullet holes. Looking impressively like a tramp from his outward appearances, inwardly he was still the fearless Deputy Marshal, imbued with a determination to fulfill his duty. Beneath his ragged clothes he had every need: six-shooter, handcuffs, even a steel breastplate.

He camped about 28 miles from where he thought the outlaws might be found. Next morning he started walking towards the probable hideout of the outlaw brothers wanted for murder. By late afternoon, after making inquiry enroute, he arrived at his destination, which was the home of the mother of the boys.

When he reached the home, the mother of the outlaws came out to see what he wanted. Playing well the part of a tramp, Reeves limped up to the door and asked for a bite to eat, saying he was very hungry. He remarked he had come a long way on foot, and the men of the law were close on his trail and had shot at him, making three holes in his hat. After the woman agreed to give him a handout, she invited him into the house. While he was eating, the woman told him her two boys were also wanted and being pursued by lawmen.

After Bass finished his food, he feigned fatigue and asked if he might rest a while longer. The woman graciously consented, then suggested it might be wise for Reeves to join forces with her two sons as mutual protection to one another.

After darkness, Bass heard a sharp whistle from the direction of a nearby creek. The woman quickly responded by going outside on the porch and giving an answer. Two riders then approached her and talked for quite some time in low voices. Finally the boys and the mother came into the house and agreed to join forces with the beggar.

At bedtime they prepared a bed for Reeves in a separate room. But the alert Reeves suggested they all sleep in one room, shrewdly pointing out that if separated, they could not be much protection to one another. They agreed. Reeves slept in the bed, and the younger boys slept on a pallet.

Once in bed, the cunning Reeves kept a watchful eye on the boys. Fortunately for Bass, the boys were heavy sleepers. Reeves slipped from his bed and quietly handcuffed the pair together without awakening them. Waiting until morning before he awoke his prisoners, Reeves then kicked the boys from their sleep and told them, "Let's get going, boys." When the startled boys were awake, they realized they had been tricked and were apprehended by the law.

As Reeves started for his camp with the two outlaws, their mother followed them for three miles, cursing Reeves with every step, calling him all sorts of uncomplimentary and vulgar names, and telling what she thought of him. But Bass paid her no attention. He marched the boys 28 miles on foot to his camp. There he had a cook and a guard waiting for him. Reeves remarked, "Guess my money will turn green now," meaning he expected to get the $5,000 reward. Again the master of disguise performed the almost impossible.

Unusual and almost out of character for the flamboyant, ex-confederate spy, Belle Starr became a friend of Deputy U.S. Marshal Bass Reeves. Belle, who had been publicized by eastern dime novels as the "Queen of the Outlaws," and the "Female Jesse James," lived with her husband Sam Starr, a three - quarter blood Cherokee, on his allotment home, six miles west of Briartown. Her home, known as Youngers Bend, nestled on a hill about 200 yards north of a bend in the Canadian River. It was surrounded by a heavily wooded area, with a small clearing in front of her log cabin home to which she had added two rooms of frame construction.

During the middle 1880s, Bass Reeves often rode by to visit Belle Starr at her home. Always carrying his own gourd dipper tied to his saddle bag, he drank from her well during each visit. Belle told him on many occasions: "Yore one of the few Deputy Marshals I trust. Come by any time yore near here, Bass."

Belle Starr's son, Eddie Reed, sentenced twice to prison by the famous "Hanging Judge", Isaac C. Parker of the Federal Court in Fort Smith, was pardoned both times after serving a short time in prison. The last time, his half - sister, Pearl Younger, had gone into prostitution in Van Buren and Fort Smith to raise money to hire a lawyer to get him pardoned. The same Federal Judge who sentenced him to prison appointed Eddie Reed a Deputy U.S. Marshal in 1893. The Judge explained later that Eddie really never had a chance in life, so he gave him this trusted appointment. It was Judge Parker who specifically requested that Bass Reeves break Eddie Reed in on his new position as a law enforcement officer. He knew Bass had been a personal friend of Belle Starr, and knew the capable Reeves would teach Reed the proper methods in performing his duties. This Bass did, and did it well.

Reeves took Eddie Reed "under his wing" and taught him the finer points of being a Deputy Marshal. For over three years Bass considered Eddie to be his protege. One case in point occurred when they both investigated a murder that happened about a half mile east of the saloon town of Keokuk Falls. The victim was Zachariah W. Thatch, killed on May 15, 1895. Thatch was a well - respected man who lived in Washington County, Arkansas, for several years. He had taken as a travelling partner a man named Casharego, with an alias of Wilson.

Casharego, a man about 26 years

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of age, was a known swindler, thief and forger, who had been out of the state prison in Tennessee less than a year before. Casharego, or Wilson, had been seen the evening before in the Red Dog Saloon in Keokuk Falls, where he had imbibed heavily before returning to his camp. Several persons later testified they saw Wilson and Thatch in camp together just before dark on that fateful night, and shortly after dark they heard two shots fired.

The next day the corpse was found floating face down in nearby Rock Creek just before its confluence with the river. The body had lodged among some rocks and dead branches in the shallow creek. Two fingers on the right hand had been shot away, and the victim's head had been unmercifully split wide open from a crunching blow with an axe!

A few days later, Bass Reeves and Reed arrested Wilson near the north bank of the North Canadian River on the Kickapoo reservation just north of present McLoud, Oklahoma. The marshals investigated the heinous crime for the Federal Court.

Wilson at first claimed Thatch was his uncle, and said Thatch left the wagon and team with the camping supplies and equipment in his care, and he had gone further west to hunt. When confronted with the corpse, Wilson identified the body, then confessed he was not the dead man's relative and that his real name was James C. Casharego of Conway, Arkansas; he denied he had murdered Thatch.

Marshal Reeves found a bloodstained axe in Wilson's wagon. Blood was still on Wilson's trousers, although his feeble alibi was that he had killed a rabbit and it had stained his trousers as he carried it back to his camp on the river bank.

The alert Bass Reeves located the former campsite and thought it strange to find two campfires. He knew campers seldom build a second fire, especially not right against a tree. Wilson had burned a fire over the exact spot next to the tree where he murdered his victim and where his victim bled on the ground.

The extremely dry weather at the time of the fatal crime had caused the earth to crack open, and blood from the murdered man trickled deep into one of the fissures. Reeves and Reed dug down under the ashes and found the bloodstains. They collected several chunks of the bloodstained earth, which they carefully put in a saddle bag as evidence. Later Reeves produced these and other evidence, and testified at the trial in Judge Parker's Court about the intensive investigation.

Wilson was sentenced to death and was the last man to be hanged on the famous gallows at Fort Smith. He was executed on July 30, 1896. Both Reeves and Reed witnessed the hanging.

In pronouncing Wilson's death sentence, Judge Parker said:

"Even nature revolted against your crime; the earth opened and drank up the blood, held it in a fast embrace until the time it should appear against you; the water too, threw up its dead and bore upon its placid bosom the foul evidence of your crime."

Eddie Reed never failed in his trust of the court or in the teachings of Bass Reeves. Reed died with his boots on, being ambushed in a cigar store at Claremore, Indian Territory, while attempting to make an arrest. He was shot twice in the stomach by shotgun blasts from behind a curtain in the rear of the Gibbs Cigar Store on Dec. 14, 1896. He suffered the same melancholy fate of his mother, Belle Starr, who was murdered from ambush on her 43rd birthday, Feb. 3, 1889, seven years before.

Bass Reeves, with the coming of Oklahoma Statehood in 1907, after 32 years as a Deputy U.S. Marshal under seven U.S. Marshals, gave up his position at the age of 69. Later for two years he worked on the Muskogee, Oklahoma police force. Bass Reeves, the devoted Deputy Marshal died in Muskogee, Oklahoma on Jan. 10, 1910. He will long be remembered for his dedicated service and contribution as a Deputy U.S. Marshal. ●RW

EDITOR'S CORRAL

(continued from pg. 27)

one wounded; the third escaped, but after an exciting chase through the woods and underbrush, was overtaken.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 5, 1863

DEATH OF LITTLE CROW

Little Crow, the chief of the Sioux Indians, who made himself so infamous by his massacres last year in Minnesota, was shot by a farmer while the Indian was picking berries. This happened some time in July. Little Crow's son, a youth of 16, was with his father, and escaped, but was captured some days afterwards.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 5, 1863 ●RW

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REAL CUSTER

(continued from pg. 23)

view in those days and won him few friends. His military campaigns were the actions of a professional soldier under orders, and were notably free of wholesale slaughters of women and children, such as were indulged in by such warriors as Chivington and Victorio.

Did Custer always find jobs for his family? Decidedly yes; his father was his forage agent in Texas, and his brothers Boston and Tom both died with him, along with a brother - in - law and two nephews. Custer had no scruples about being accused of nepotism.

Was Custer actually court - martialed three times? The answer is yes: once in 1861, for an infraction of West Point rules; once for pushing his men too hard on an unnecessary forced march during which two stragglers were killed by Indians; and for leaving his post without permission to go see his wife. He was convicted and suspended for one year without pay, but General Sheridan intervened and Custer was reinstated before the year was up. The third trial was a vindictive persecution by some of Custer's personal enemies. He was becoming too much of a bone of contention to have a future in the Army and would probably have resigned after the '76 campaign, but Custer craved action and could never have settled down to a regular job. His unexpected death at the age of only 36 left some fascinating questions that can never be answered.

It is a marvelous joke that George Armstrong Custer, the reckless, gallant, frolicsome soldier who loved life and courted death with equal enthusiasm, should become the object of such virulent hatred and fervent love. A man singularly without animosity, bright and sincere but not deep; an athlete who loved sport, and actor who craved an audience, he dared great things, and had his problems when some of them didn't come off. Noted in life for his vanity, his gallantry, his endurance and his charm, he has become a symbol of things too somber for the man who inspired a dance called "Custer's Charge," and could cut a rug with the best of them. He was loyal and ambitious, an impractical perennial joker, a good - hearted kid who never grew up — hardly the man to fit the ponderous place that history has carved out for him.

Next time you see a statue of him with a grim face and stark expression, think of the boy who left horseshoe nails around on chairs for his brothers to find the hard way. It's a good joke, and Custer would have laughed. ●RW

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ROY ROGERS

(continued from page 18)

do recordings, and also night-club engagements.

Roy franchises 140 Roy Rogers restaurants ... He recently recorded a nostalgic ditty, "Hoppy, Gene and Me" which has sold more than 150,000 copies, and he has already cut an album of cowboy songs.

During the writing of this story, Roy, who has been absent from the screen for over 20 years, has just completed his latest movie, *Mackintosh and T.J.*

Both he and Dale are very religious and devote much of their time to helping worthy causes. If you are ever in the vicinity of Apple Valley, which is about 100 miles east of Hollywood, drop in and visit with Roy Rogers, one of the greatest cowboys of the "silver screen."

●RW

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from pg. 35)

remove the tannic acid from acorns, making them palatable. They could preserve fish and meat and were efficient in the making of hunting and fishing gear, and straightening arrow shafts. When necessary for their farming, they constructed irrigation canals. They cured deer and buffalo skin for clothing. In the southern region most men wore only the breechcloth, and the women wore a skirt, but in the northern cold climates, skins were worn. There were clothes for everyday, and those for ceremony.

The Indians were a happy people, fond of games, of ceremony and of public speaking. Their religion varied in form, but most tribes believed in one great mystery or spirit. They had a deep appreciation of nature, as shown in their songs, prayers and legends. Many ceremonies were performed in the interest of the tribe. Dances and songs were important, and rhythm was established by rattles, drums, and flute. Young men who'd been trained from childhood for war, using weapons of spears, battle axes, tomahawk, bow and arrow, often dramatized their exploits as warriors with song and dance. Storytelling was an art passed along from generation to generation. Their pottery, baskets, bead and quillwork prove their artistic knowledge of form, color and design. Most tribes had a democratic type of government, the chief having little power over most matters, which were decided by a council. Tribal business and government meetings were held in the council hall, often seating as many as 500 people, and everyone could take part.

It was partly the adoption of gunpowder by the white men which gave them superiority over the Indian. Although had the Indians joined together when the white men came to their land, as the Scottish clans did to combat the English invasion; they would have stopped the Europeans from gaining a foothold in this country. However, many tribes were fighting each other and would join the invading forces to fight another tribe. In spite of all the original inhabitants of this land being grouped under one name 'Indian,' they were as different as the natives of each European country, with as great a tribal loyalty as the nationalisitc feelings of other groups in Europe. It was as easy then, as it is today, to exploit this feeling.

This land called the United States was first invaded and exploited when the Spanish came from the South along the West Coast; the English along the East Coast; The Dutch in the Northeast; and the French in the Middle West.

In 1513 Ponce de Leon, the Spaniard, left the earliest record of invasion in this country; however, the Spanish had come to those shores from Cuba much earlier to capture In-

(continued on page 59)

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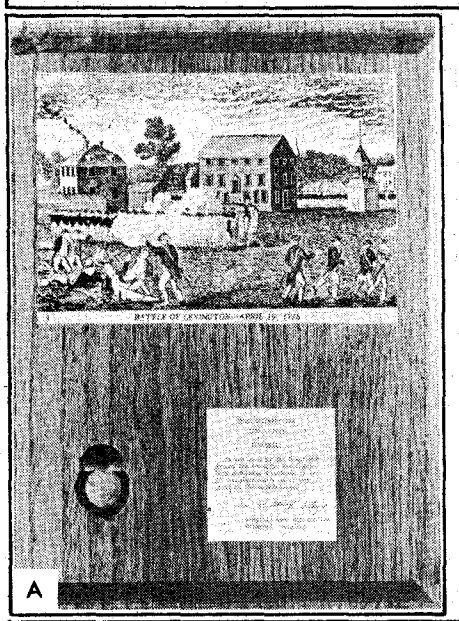
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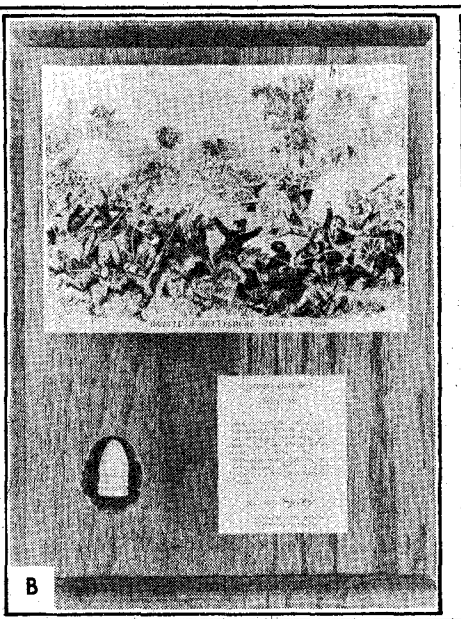
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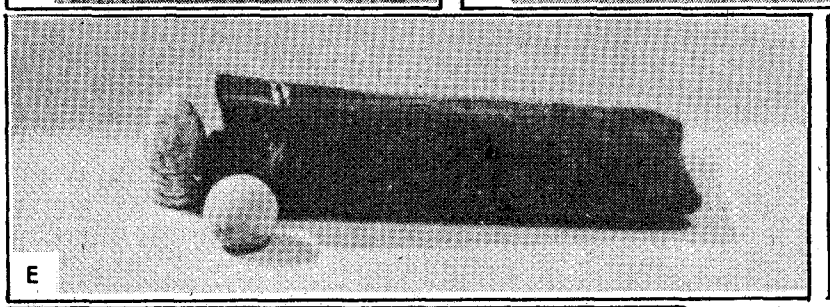
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DOC PARDEE

(continued from pg. 47)

considered a giant in the kingdom of the sport of kings: William Woodward of Bellaire, Maryland, President of Hanover Banks of New York, who had for his trainer the great James Fitzsimmons. Woodward produced 15 horses which won over $100,000 each in 10 years, among them Gallant Fox, brilliant money winner of 1935.

Many of Doc's great horses he bought at Kentucky's Keenland Sale, which he attended annually. On one trip he purchased 14 brood mares, two which were racing prospects, and all proved his faith in them.

It was in 1935 that Sam Riddle, owner of Man O' War, invited Doc back to the Kentucky Derby. While there, Doc had his picture taken on Man O' War's back. Mr. Riddle had faith that year in the fine horse, Omaha, and since Doc's friend, Mr. Woodward, had bred and raised the horse, both men put their money on Omaha, which won the Derby. Doc went home a winner and forever retained his admiration for both Riddle and Woodward.

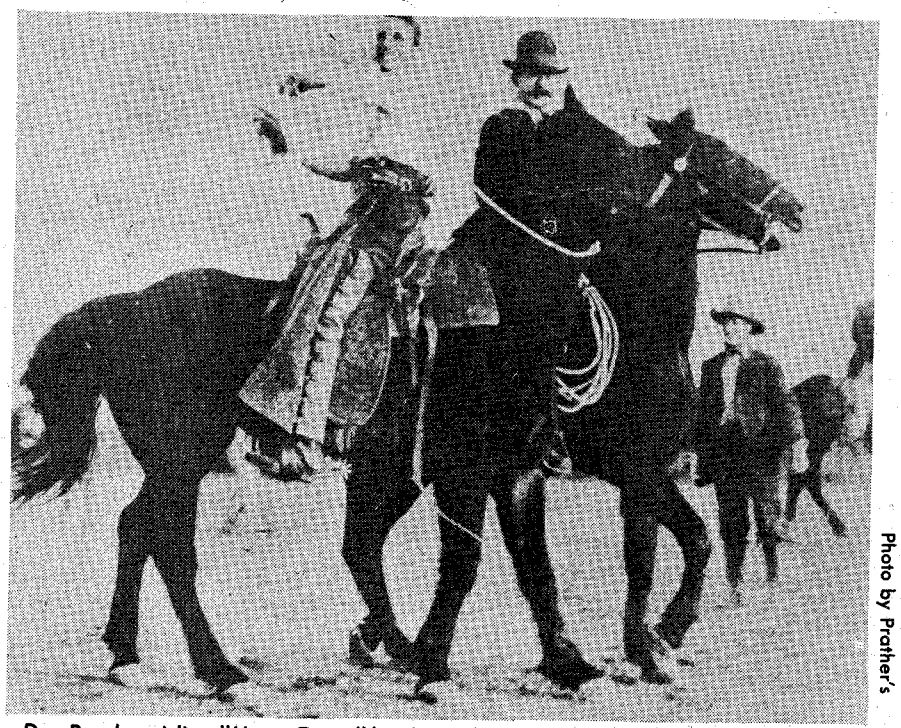
Those who knew Doc well will always remember his voice, which was soft and resonant, much like that of movie actor Chill Wills. It was the perfect voice for calling basket sales at country socials and for calling out events at his own Wild West show, which ran from 1910 to 1912.

Doc was an early sponsor of preserving the wild mustang, because he argued that if that blood was lost forever, some of the spirit would go out of the bucking horses used in rodeos. Every chance he got, he pleaded the mustang's cause, which seemed to some paradoxical, since Doc so lauded the pedigreed horse. But the necessity for variety was what added to Doc's full and varied life.

One of the most exciting rodeo experiences he had was back in 1912, when he contested in the first rodeo at Calgary, which bore the proud name of the Calgary Stampede, but that same year in Dewey, Okla., he won a personal $1,000 bet from a man named Barney Pierceson, whose show name was Idaho Bill.

"Idaho Bill had a horse called Idaho Bill, and it had thrown four star bronc riders, so after I won the championship at Dewey, Barney bet me a thousand bucks I couldn't ride his Idaho Bill. I just happened to have a thousand, so I put up my money. The horse was a spinner, and not as hard to sit as many thought, so I got the job done and collected the money. The only other rider, however, I knew, who sat Idaho Bill was Henry Grammer, a fine, smooth rider and one of the best."

At the Calgary Stampede, Doc took



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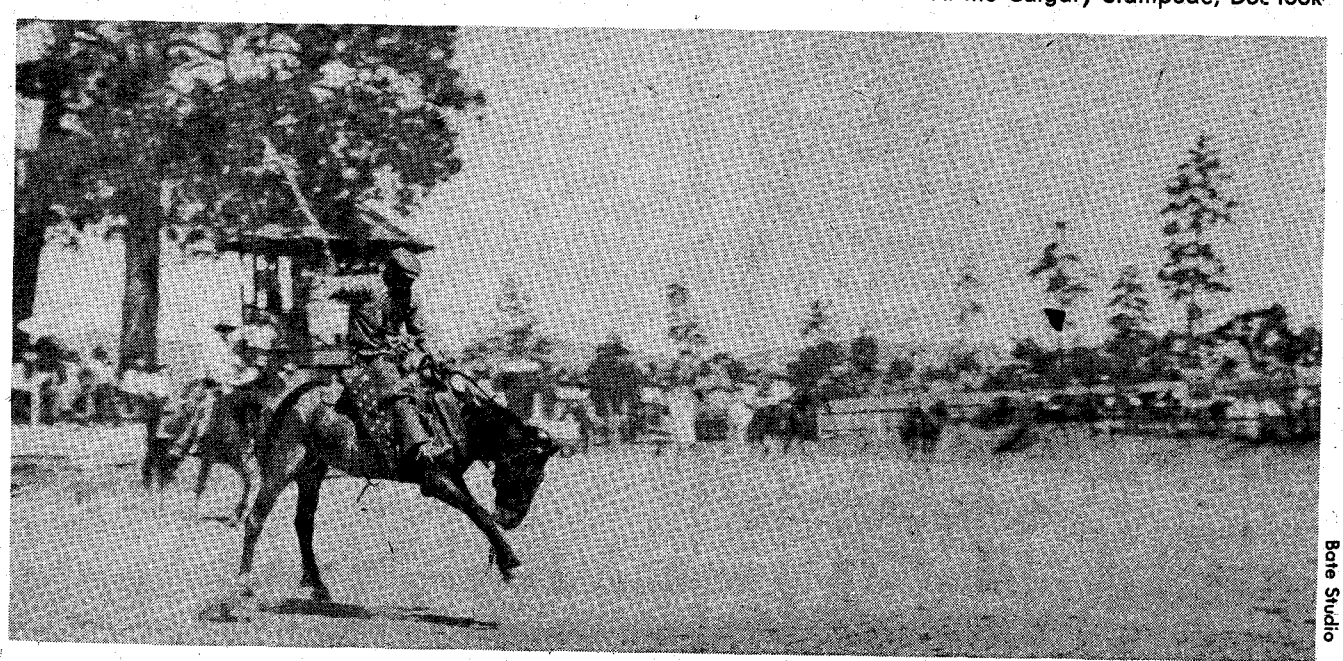
Doc Pardee riding "Harry Tracy" backwards at Medicine Hat in Canada on Dec. 25, 1912. He was 27 years old at the time.



Bate Studio

Doc Pardee on a salty bronc.

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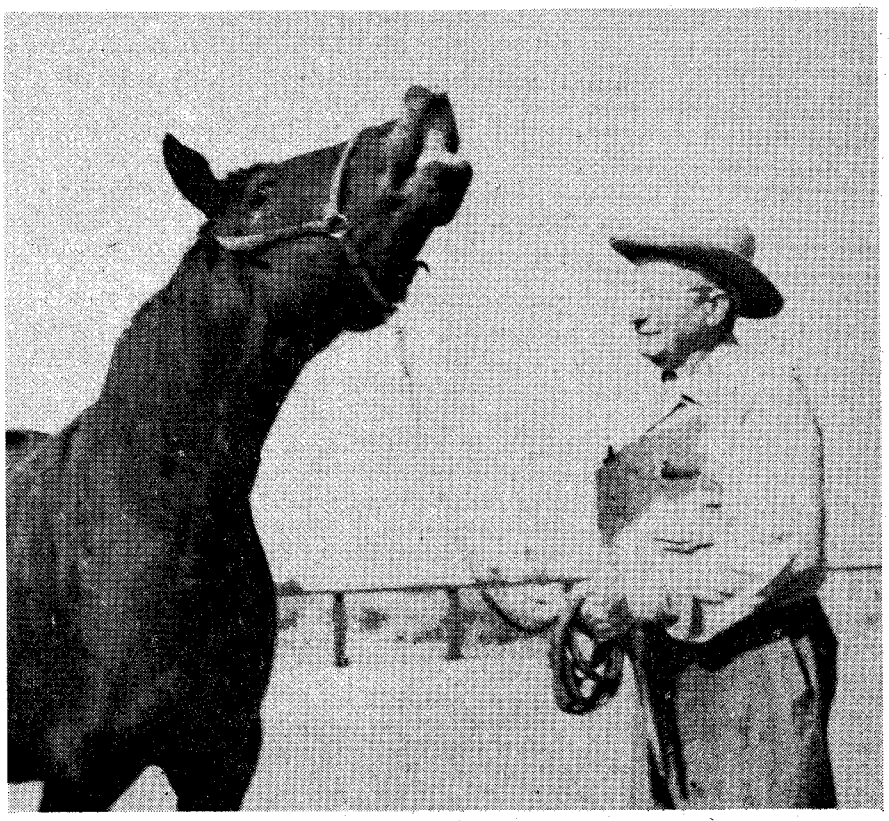

Photo by author

Doc Pardee and Queen Doris.

second in bareback bronc riding, but lost out in the saddle bronc riding when the bronc he was riding worked the saddle over its head.

Doc never talked bareback bronc riding much, because back in those early days, a man could ride with a two-handed circingle, and it didn't compare with today's one-handed artistry.

In his early days West, Doc was a close friend of movie star Tom Mix. Doc worked for him, auctioned for him, rode for him, and because of this man's influence and friendship, even went to Hollywood to be in his employ; but Doc's wife did not care for the climate of the area, for Arizona's was drier and better for her health, so the couple moved.

A top bucking horse that Doc especially appreciated was The King, which bucked Doc into first money in the states, and Fire Bug Flats, which he rode at Prescott, Ariz. in 1923 to win the championship title, a hand-tooled leather saddle and a trophy.

For bronc riders, his admiration was great for Jim Parks, Clayton Danks, Cy Miner, Sam Scoville, the Stanley brothers, Pete Knight and Billy McGinty. Of them all, he considered Billy McGinty the "daddy of all bronc stompers — a man who was always at home on any kind of a horse."

Among the men who contested in Doc's own show was Cliff Sinclair of Texas, Jimmie Dodd of Montana and Fred Waltz, all of whom Doc considered great. His trick rider was Johnny Judd.

In the late Twenties and Thirties, Doc worked for the Biltmore Stable in Phoenix, and it was at this period in his life that he determined to have his own stable of thoroughbreds. It took him 10 years to build up a stable of his own.

He always considered his finest mare to be Queen Doris by They Say out of Doris King. She ran the three-quarter mile in 1:08 3/5 as a three-year-old. In an invitational matched race at five and a half furlongs, she won in 1:05, claiming a purse of $2,500. She won all her races in or near track record time. Doc sold her to Lyman Rollins, and she raced under this man's colors and training.

The stallions he especially thought brought prestige to his stable were They Say and Flying Fury, the latter siring such classic stake winners as Crimson Fury, Aerodynamic and Grid Iron Hero.

At his stable in Arizona, Doc had as his guest for a year the great jockey, Earl Sande. Through the years, Doc's love for Arizona grew. He had moved there originally for his wife's health. Edith suffered with hay fever. The change in climate was her salvation. This woman was the center of Doc's life, he and she having married young, and she encouraged him in all he did. Her death was a hard blow to him.

The world of rodeo and the thoroughbred world lost a great personality when Doc passed away, but it learned for the first time his carefully guarded secret. After all, a man's age is his own, and if he wants to keep it to himself, that's his prerogative. ●RW

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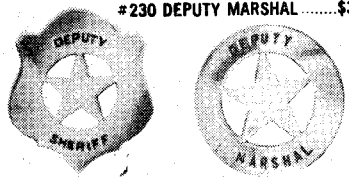

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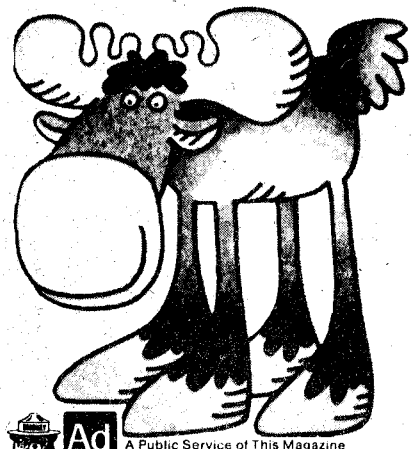

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NAVAJO LONG WALK

(continued from pg. 26)

foot.

Wagon drivers cracked their whips, oxen strained forward, and soldiers started the people. The wagons were followed by about 2400 Navajos, 400 horses and 3000 sheep and goats. The journey would be over three hundred miles. Tears shone in the eyes of many old people who knew they would never again see their beloved Navajoland.

A stopover, to grease wagons, repair harness and replenish rations, was made at Bear Springs near present-day Fort Wingate. Then the long column continued east at about fifteen miles a day. When camp was made in sight of snow-capped Mount Taylor, many a Navajo grew restless. It is the southern sacred mountain. Although some had raided beyond the sacred mountain, they were reluctant to live outside the boundary set by their holy people, for fear their gods would desert them.

The crossing of the wide Rio Grande near Isleta was a sad day of utter panic. Spring runoff made the river turbulent. No Navajo knew how to swim. Space was found in the wagons for babies and old folks. Frightened youngsters were forced to cling to the tailboards. The heavy wagons twisted and turned in the swift current, and some children were washed downstream. Men and women hung to horses' tails. Many animals were lost in the crossing.

The caravan followed the river bank up to Albuquerque, where they camped for several days. Each day's travel beyond Albuquerque held the same emptiness: no mountains, no mesas, no red-rock beauty as in Navajoland. Finally they reached the valley of the Pecos and saw the adobe buildings of Fort Sumner. Many Navajos had died along the trail; the others had reached the end of the Long Walk, but not the end of their hardships.

No homes of any kind had been provided. That night, the Navajos tasted and spit out the first bitter drink of water from the Pecos. Up and down the river from Fort Sumner, forty square miles had been set aside for this reservation. Each family was expected to make some kind of shelter near the fort; the rest of the land would be used for farming and herding. But there was no material to build hogans. Apache Indians had been brought to the fort before the Navajos. Except for the trees near the fort, which they were forbidden to cut, Apaches had chopped down the trees along the river for firewood. Navajos made brush shelters or dug holes in the ground. Some received worn-out army tents or pieces of canvas to help, but the supply was pitifully short.

Shovels were passed out and the men were ordered to dig irrigation ditches. Most of them had never seen a shovel before. Finally, a main ditch seven miles long was dug. Even the children helped with the planting of corn, beans, wheat and pumpkins.

Crops began to grow. Corn tasselled; Navajo mouths watered as they waited for the ears to form. Before the ears were any size, corn worms destroyed the crop. Most of the wheat was ruined by storms. Congress was slow in voting money for food. The first winter was bleak; rations were extremely meager.

The second spring, when birds began to sing in cottonwood trees near the fort, Navajos worked hard at cleaning ditches and planting crops again. By midsummer corn worm reappeared. Women and children cried while cultivating the fields, they were so discouraged. Crops failed again. To add to their misery Comanche Indians, who had formerly used this territory, began to raid the north and south ends of the reservation, stealing sheep and horses from the already desperately poor Navajos. The Comanches had guns while the Navajos had only a few bows and arrows among them. Soldiers at the fort were too few to wage war with the Comanches. Yet Navajos who slipped away, thinking it better to be killed or sold into slavery by the Comanches than to live in this land, were hunted by the soldiers and dragged back to the fort.

With the coming of the third spring, Navajos who had not died of hunger, sickness, discouragement, or homesickness were unwilling to plant again in the alkaline soil. They were forced at gunpoint to plant. These Indians were no more self - supporting than when they arrived at Fort Sumner. It was costing an enormous amount to try and feed them, and there was never enough. They existed from day to day on hopes and promises that were impossible to fulfill.

One morning, at the end of May 1868, not only the bugle but the fort cannon shattered the quiet dawn. Navajos climbed dugout ladders, or ran from brush shelters, or rolled from under ragged blankets on the ground and hurried to the fort. General William Sherman and other officers had arrived to investigate conditions.

The general met with headmen of the tribe. Barboncito, through an interpreter, begged General Sherman to look at the burrows used for homes and to taste the nasty water of the Pecos and watch their sheep try to find a blade of grass on the bare land.

Another headman, Ganado Mucho, pleaded, "Let us go back where we can live as men, not animals! Our home is where red buttes rise from desert sands, and eagles sweep across the sky. We have learned not to kill and not to drive away the flocks of others. We will live in peace. Only let us go home."

The long talks lasted three days. On June 1, 1868 a peace treaty was signed between the United States of America and the Navajo Tribe, which allowed the Indians to return to part of the territory they called Navajoland. The Diné, so sad and silent during the Fort Sumner years, could once more talk, laugh, and sing. Army wagons were filled with provisions, and the few surviving sheep and horses were rounded up. On June 18, Navajos started home.

The Rio Grande was not the menace it had been at first crossing. Being summer, the river was much shallower. With joy the Indians waded in to wash their tired, dirt-caked bodies. The muddy water tasted sweet, after the bitter water of the prison camp.

When they reached Bear Springs, the Navajos were told to make camp until their reservation was surveyed. After frustrating months of short rations the Indians were moved on to Fort Defiance. On foot and horseback they eagerly set out to find their old homes. Little was left to find. Hogans had fallen in, peach trees had been cut down, fields were empty desert.

Rations were given once each week at Fort Defiance that first winter, while the Navajos anxiously awaited the sheep and goats the government had promised, to replace those Kit Carson killed. The waiting was long, but at last all were summoned to be counted. Each man, woman, and child was to receive two animals, either sheep or goats.

Barboncito stood on the corral wall and spoke to the Diné. "Take care of the sheep that have been given you as you would care for your own children. Never kill them for food. These few sheep must grow into flocks so that we, the People, can be

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as we once were."

The People listened. From this small beginning a great sheep industry developed, and Navajo women could weave their beautiful rugs.

In the 1868 treaty the United States promised to educate the Navajos. At that time most of them resisted schooling for their children because the children would have to leave the reservation. Now there are many schools on the reservation. Tribal leaders have learned the value of higher education and have set up a trust fund for college scholarships. Any qualified Navajo youth can go to college.

Navajoland's spectacular red-rock scenery has tremendous drawing power. Canyon de Chelly, Monument Valley, Lake Powell are making tourism profitable for the tribe.

Many Navajos still live in isolated log and earth hogans, scattered all over the vast reservation. Although the tribal government has received millions of dollars from oil, gas and uranium royalties, poverty has not been eliminated. Tribal officials do not distribute the money on a per capita basis as some Indian tribes do. They spend it on much needed projects for the tribe as a whole: well digging, surveys, law and order, health and education, building of community centers, welfare projects, etc.

Navajos have great adaptability and adopt new ways that benefit the tribe. To their credit they have kept the promise made in the treaty: not to fight the white man nor other Indian tribes. However, at present there is conflict between Navajos and Hopis over land used jointly by the two tribes. Hopefully, a peaceful settlement will be reached around the council table. ●**RW**

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A Navajo Saga by Kay and Russ Bennett - The Naylor Co. San Antonio, TX

Magazines:

Western Gateways (Summer edition 1968)

Article: The Navajo "A Century of Progress" - Gaylord Staveley

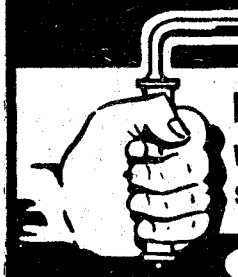
Arizona Highways August 1968

Article: "The Peace Treaty with the Navajos"-Charles Franklin Parker

Took a jeep trip through Canyon de Chelly with Navajo guide

Followed by car the route taken from Fort Defiance to Fort Sumner.

BURIED TREASURE



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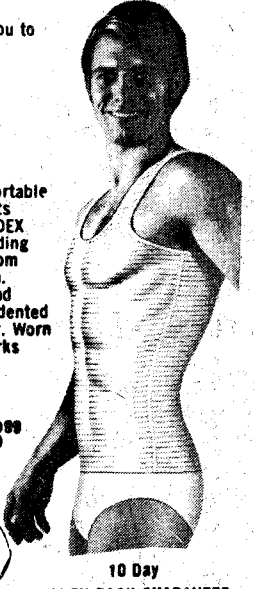

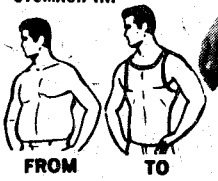

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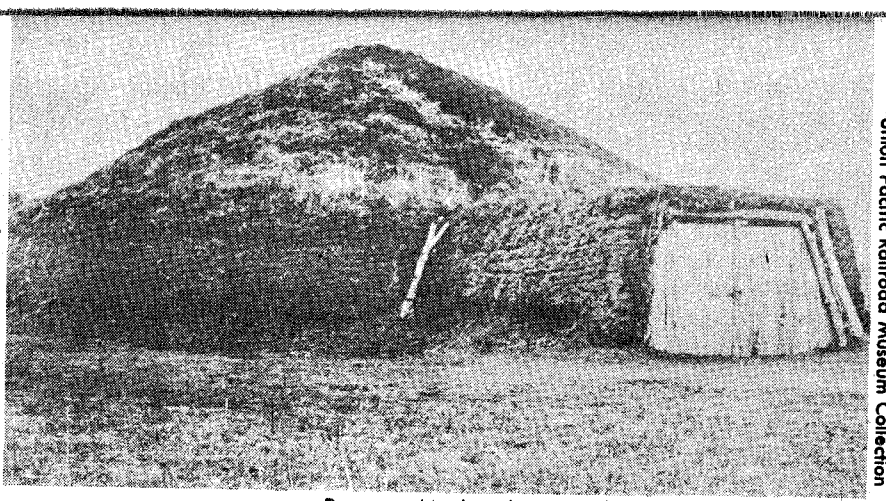
FRANCIS PARKMAN

(continued from pg. 40)

men and their guide set out for Bent's Fort in Colorado. Three days later they met up with a French trader called Bissonette and a large party of Indians with whom they journeyed on towards the fort. On August 29 they saw the valley of the Arkansas River and the low mud walls of the Lower Pueblo.

Parkman's health again gave way, and he had the greatest difficulty in staying on his horse. Nevertheless the group pressed on, moving along the Arkansas towards Independence, five hundred miles east. Quite a few adventures remained to be experienced: a buffalo hunt in which their guide Chatillon killed four cows, which yielded plenty of meat for their journey; a visit to an Arapahoe village; meeting up with a number of Missouri volunteers for the Mexican war, as well as a battalion of Mormons. Gradually the signs of civilization began to appear in the shape of fruit trees, wagon camps and grape vines. Their adventure was over when they reached Westport, where they said good-by to their guides, sold their equipment and slept under a roof for the first time in five months. On October 1 they boarded a river boat and so were on their way home.

Once they were back home, Parkman started to work on a book describing their adventures, to be called "The Oregon Trail," despite the fact that he had almost lost his eyesight and still suffered from exhaustion. Unable to use his eyes to write, he dictated the narrative to his cousin Shaw and a friend, and in this way he managed, despite great difficulty, to finish the book, which appeared in serial form in the *Knickerbocker Magazine,* beginning in February 1847. The tale was later published in book form and is considered by many to be one of the classics of literature concerned with the great American West, and is well worth reading. ●RW



Union Pacific Railroad Museum Collection

Pawnee Mud Lodge.

Solomon D. Butcher Collection, Nebraska State Historical Society.

Emigrants entering the Loup Valley, Custer County, Nebraska, 1886.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 52)

dians for use as slaves. Columbus used Indian slaves in the West Indies as early as 1494. There were about a dozen tribes living in the peninsula of Florida, and most of them were exterminated within a century by the slave hunters.

The Spanish were unusually busy in the 1542. De Soto was in the Southeast, seeking another golden Peru; Coronado was in the Southwest, seeking the rich cities of Cibola; and Cabrillo went along the West Coast in search of the legendary Strait of Anian. Both the trails of De Soto and Coronado were stained with Indian blood. The one chief object of the Spanish conquest was to make the Indians subjects of Spain and convert them to Christianity.

England had another plan. This was to settle colonists and drive the Indians out of their lands. A few Indians were paid small sums for their homes, but not often. Unlike the Spanish, the English established no missions.

The Dutch were fur traders who laid the foundations for great fortunes by trading to the Indians alcoholic drink, tomahawks, scalping knives and guns in exchange for beaver and otter skins.

The French were explorers and then fur traders, and when they invaded the Indian lands of the Middle West they considered the Indians as equal, marrying among them, entering into village life and attending the missions with them.

With the movement of the white settlers, the cattlemen, miners and railroad builders, the Indians were finally captured and confined to reservations. The land now belonged to the newcomers by right of conquest.

Among the many things the Indian gave to his conqueror, besides his homeland, were many types of food — corn and tobacco being among these. Many of our medicines have Indian origins. The agriculture of the Indian is the basis of most of our agriculture. The Five Nations of the Iroquois League were the inspiration for our Union. Pueblo buildings have been adapted to our architecture. The Plains Indian's tipi was modified into the Sibley army tent; and the Indian mode of warfare was copied in our jungle fighting, their snowshoes being used by our mountain forces. The toboggan is a feature of our winter sports, and their canoes are a favorite water craft. And today, collectors are realizing the worth of Indian art.

●RW

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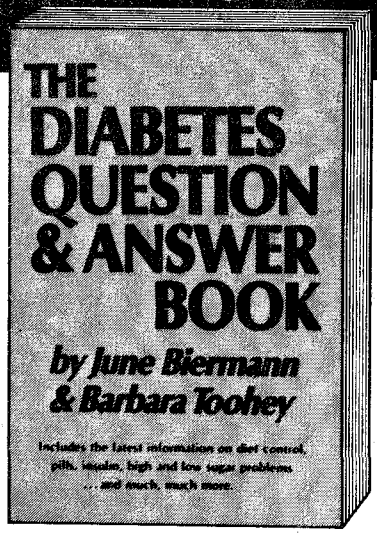

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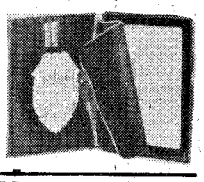

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JIM SHIRLEY

(continued from pg. 43)

Moulton's hand shook as he pointed and replied, "In that drawer, help yourself." Amused by his leader's calm manner, George Law picked up an old gunny sack and emptied the money from the drawer into it. The four men then returned to the others, whose weary arms were sagging in despair, having held them up so long.

With each tick of the clock the outlaws let slip all the precious advantages they had possessed; they eventually had become objects of charity — pursued to the end by their evil destiny.

This, when first looked at, appears very mysterious; but when considered for a moment, it becomes apparent that here there has been no aptitude for seizing the favors of fortune, no evaluation of precious moments, just foolish and fatal faith that the peasantry was going to be taken easily.

The ever alert Kid was the first to notice. "Jim, where is everybody? There is no one on the streets," he shouted, while debating his course of action. Shirley went to the window in time to see an armed man peek up from behind a grain sack across the street at the warehouse of the Hugus & Company. Shirley quickly smashed out the window with his rifle butt and fired at the townspeople, who had been keeping their focus on every move the outlaws were making.

The Kid, never one to let an opportunity pass, shouted before the echo of the gunshot died off in the neighboring hills: "We're rough hombres!"

Shirley fired another shot in the direction of the hardware store, and Mr. H.C. Clark, a merchant, pitched forward with a bullet embedded in his lungs.

"You boys make a run for the horses, I'll hold 'em up," the Kid gallantly volunteered. Jim Shirley and George Law busted outside and dashed for their horses while the Kid's rifle spoke in rapid fire out of the window of the bank. Shirley was the first to mount; he now tried to give the Kid cover as he shouted, "Come on, Kid!".

Last inspected, the top riflemen of the town were running to block off the north end of town. This was the road that led to the open country. They didn't invent the practice; it was usual procedure.

It was a golden moment in the life of Jim Shirley; he smiled as he directed his mount towards the South end of town, where he had cut the fences and uprooted the gates just before he crisscrossed the White River into Meeker. Prior to the hold-up, the duties of the outlaws were performed with rigorous punctuality and praiseworthy completeness. Around eight miles from town in the willows of Three Mile Gulch, fresh horses awaited the trio.

Cowering in the presence of such an awesome shooting force, Shirley never had a chance to carry out his exploitable possibilities. No sooner had the Kid made a run for the door to join his comrades, than the captives inside understandably ran in all directions.

The Kid, hearing footsteps behind him and thinking they were chasing him (a task furthest from their minds), turned and opened fire on the bewildered citizens. Mr. Booth was struck in the left arm; a few trifling remarks followed, and a bullet tore off the top of the index finger attached to the hand of W.P. Herrick.

It was at this point that the armed posse, outside, bombarded the outlaws with rifle fire, showing vestiges of the old spirit.

The Kid made it to the outside boardwalk, jumped upon the hitching post, and leaped for his horse; but while in mid-air, he was hit by five bullets from five different directions. His twisted body dancing in air was a devastating sight as it detruded toward the ground.

Shirley's horse reared, almost throwing him. He managed to hold on and fire blindly at the moving targets across the street, but he, too, was taught the high price of unlawfulness: a bullet struck him in the lung. A striking example of gameness, he fought to the last breath.

Like a herring caught in the fjords, George Law, now alone, panicked. Not yet mounted, he made a mad dash for the open country. His hasty departure was stopped when a slug caught him in the leg. He fell, got up and was caught by another bullet in the lung.

George Law was not yet dead. He was carried to an old abandoned warehouse where he was given medical attention and questioned.

George Law was discouraged and frustrated; he knew that soon he would be headed for that big Outlaw Domain in the sky, but his competitive fires were still burning. He painted a mustache on his portrait, so to speak, and died claiming to be someone else. He also would not give the names of his conspirators.

Within the hour he was gone, and bodies of the three men were taken to a remote shack on the outskirts of town to await burial.

For a few days the bodies remained undisturbed while the undertaker, who was also the gravedigger, drew back to understand the mysteries of his livelihood. There was only one shovel and five graves to be dug.

The bodies remained alone, until a few rats appeared. Occasionally they could be seen peering out of their holes. At first they were too well versed in human nature to come out; but soon selfishness got the best of the little creatures and they ventured forth. By the time the townsfolk got around to burying the bodies, they had to club their way past the rats, and there was little left to bury.

One detached observer confessed later; "In the future we were careful to select a different place of concealment."

The funeral drew fewer people than what a spieler could draw on a drizzling afternoon. No words were spoken. They were placed in plain wooden boxes, somewhat the shape of a cigar, and buried in unmarked graves.

As the sun began to slope westward, the townspeople marveled at the manifold notes of the birds. They recognized the familiar tones of many a field - songster. Larks filled the air with their rapturous melody; rows of black crows twitted ceaselessly as they balanced themselves on the fences which ran alongside the White River; and owls answered each other from neighboring fields.

Occasionally, a red - legged stork might be seen strutting solemnly about the low marsh land, maybe stopping to bolt a struggling frog.

The little town of Meeker, Colorado had returned to normality and, not surprisingly, had little trouble from bank robbers again.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Files of the Author's 25-year collection.
State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver, letters dated July 1966.
Jack DeMattos, historian on Colorado history. Letters dated 1975.
Interview with Al Moulton, nephew of A.C. Moulton, in Westminster, California, in May 1975.

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But, your Astral Body can do many things that your physical body alone can't, for it is part of the Fourth Dimension—an (invisible) *sea of electrons which flows in, through, and around the physical, giving it form and substance.* Your Astral Body can flow right through solid matter, *materialize in plain sight of others, perform* every one of the *functions of your physical body—sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell*—all the while being controlled by you!

You can control your Astral Body by giving it certain specific commands—METAPHYSICAL COMMANDS which I spell out for you in plain English in my new book "Meta-physics: New Dimension of the Mind." For instance, you can command your Astral Body to . . .

• **MATERIALIZE IN FRONT OF SOMEONE AT A DISTANCE** — Your *Astral Body* is *invisible* because it is super charged with electrons vibrating at invisible speed. *It can, however materialize in plain sight of everyone, as a "thought-form,"* by vibrating more slowly. In this manner, *it is possible to "remind" someone — at a distance — of your presence!*

• **"BLEND" YOUR THOUGHTS WITH THOSE OF SOMEONE ELSE** — Since your *Astral Body is an invisible extension of your own* — with a mind that is an extension of your own — *it is possible to "blend" this mind* with the mind of someone else to *find out what he or she is thinking,* and even *implant your own thoughts in the minds of others!*

• **DUPLICATE ANY OBJECT IN EXISTENCE AND MAKE IT YOUR OWN** — Your *Astral Body exists and is part of the Fourth Dimension — a sea of tiny electrical particles from which all matter is formed.* By giving your Astral Body an Electromagnetic Command to duplicate some object — an expensive piece of furniture, for example — it pulls the particles in the air together to form a solid replica of that which you desire!

• **LIFT AND CARRY OBJECTS, TRANSPORT THEM TO YOU FROM A DISTANCE** — You can command your Astral Body to *lift solid objects, using its own concentrated energy* — such as *lifting a pair of dice and making them roll the way you want.*

• **"READ" OTHER PEOPLE'S PAST AND FUTURE** — Since, with your Astral Body, *you can "tune in" to the thoughts of any person, all memories and future plans* of his become an open book to you.

• **HEAL THE VERY CELLS OF YOUR BODY** — Your Astral Body *can help heal you if you are sick, keep you healthy, strong and youthful* — add years to your life! If your body is rundown, tired or "old" *it can charge and rejuvenate the very cells of your body with its own vibrant electron energy* to make you look and feel years younger!

• **TALK TO THE COSMIC MIND, RECEIVE HELP IN EVERY MATTER** — Your Astral Body is your only true means of communications with the higher Spirit Plane. In this manner, *it is possible for you to talk to the Cosmic Mind, just as you would to family or friends, and receive help and guidance in every matter!*

IF YOU READ NOTHING ELSE, READ THIS:

A Vital Word—"METAPHYSICS"

Scholars, when editing and cataloging Aristotle's writings, realized that not all of the information was about the natural physical world. In the process, Aristotle had accumulated information that was "outside" the physical world or "non-physical." This 'non-physical" information was filed as "Meta-physics" literally meaning 'After-physics." This information, after," "above," or "beyond" the physical, held the attention of many people through the ages, including philosophers, theologians, scholars and scientists. It was described in different ways: Ultimate Reality, First Principles, Miracle Power, Metaphysical Power, Divine Mind, Cosmic Mind, God, Faith, Intuition. In the 20th century some call it Energy, Astral Projections, Precognition, Inner Space.

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Why am I so positive this technique will work for you? Because it has worked for thousands of other men and women in all walks of life — and is working for them right now! People like . . .

June C., a secretary who had been working for the same firm for three years and thought she deserved a raise in salary. But her boss was the grouchy, penny-pinching type. So after learning the Metaphysical Command for projecting her Astral Body, she mentally projected her mind into her boss's mind, and stated: "June deserves a raise. You will give her a raise of ten dollars a week."

A short time later, her boss called her into his office. There was a strange expression on his face and he said: 'I don't know why I'm doing this, but I feel you deserve a ten dollar raise in salary!"

A lady who had a 17-year-old daughter, came to one of my lectures at Carnegie Hall. She was a widow, and though she had worked hard to bring up her daughter, they never had more than just enough to get along. After this lady learned the Metphysical Command for controlling her Astral Body, she bought a sweepstakes ticket. By maintaining an "astral grip" on this ticket, she caused her number to be chosen — and won a grand total of $144,000!

In my files I have hundreds of such instances of men and women who have used this metaphysical principle and who have attracted sums of money ranging *from ten thousand dollars to inheritances of a quarter of a million!*

How Metaphysical Healing Can Add Years To Your Life—Make You Look And Feel Years Younger!

If you want to *remain healthy,* vigorous and strong, my book shows you exactly how to draw upon your Astral Body for its wonderful healing energy, *through Metaphysical Command!*

You'll see how a woman who had developed violent attacks of hay fever and asthma was healed. How a man with an ulcer had a miraculous healing. How a woman who suffered from crippling arthritis for twenty years used these Metaphysical Commands — and her arthritis completely disappeared! How a man with sugar diabetes who had to take daily shots of insulin, commanded this Astral power to himself and was healed, so that he could discontinue the injections entirely.

The secret? *Metaphysical Healing,* the same technique revealed to you now in the pages of my new book.

Win Astounding Control Over Other People!

There is no limit to the things you can do with Metaphysical Command of your Astral Body. For example, a lady who came to one of my lectures complained that her husband nagged and abused her constantly. She could hardly stand being in his presence because of his constant criticism. I showed this woman the Metaphysical Commands for blending her mind with his, to dictate thoughts of love to him — and days later she came back to tell me with joy how her husband had been transformed into a peaceful understanding man!

Impossible? Hardly. For it happens again and again.

All Yours To Prove—For 30 Days—

You owe it to yourself to try it! How can you lose? Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon — TODAY!

Very truly yours,

Anthony Norvell *Anthony Norvell*

MEET THE AUTHOR

Anthony Norvell is a world-famous psychic investigator, known to thousands (through his books and articles) for his amazing discoveries in the realm of the occult. Here, for the first time, he presents the sum total of his investigations in the secrets of ancient India, China, Tibet and Greece.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from pg. 6)

company, but that's not bad at all for a guy like me. If they pass this law, they'll wipe out thousands of guys just like me who are paying the taxes on the land and feeding their families on what they can work out of the ground."

Key is attempting to organize local opposition to the bill, as are other mining enthusiasts in other parts of the country. He said he has already contacted Congressman John Krebs and is attempting to set up a meeting with B.F. Sisk.

"I think she (Mrs. Mink) has sold out to the big money guys," said Key. "This would give them unlimited power and unlimited control over this industry. Without big, big money there is just no way anyone could get into it."

Key added that the whole structure of the Mink bill is an invitation to corruption, as the decision as to who gets permits would be a totally arbitrary process.

"If they feel like giving a permit, they could give a permit," he said. "If they don't, there's nothing anyone could do. You know what that's going to suggest."

Key said persons interested in fighting the bill could contact him at 224-5581.

The Fresno Guide
December 16, 1975

Dear Editor,

The enclosed copy of a newspaper clipping from one of Fresno's newspapers is self explanatory.

I would like to put in my two cents' worth on the subject, however.

My husband and I are new at Treasure Hunting and thoroughly enjoy this form of recreation as do many thousands of other people. This bill would certainly put a damper on our recreation. Aside from personal reasons, if one stops to think of all the varied and different businesses, education, etc. this bill would affect, it is overwhelming.

Who is going to tell youngsters, when on an outing, that it is against the law to pick up pretty rocks and bring them home?

How will certain classes such as geology and geography continue to have field classes if this bill passes?

To me this bill is ridiculous and is taking my right to learn more about the history of this great country of ours.

Many items in museums are there because someone found them buried somewhere.

I write this letter and send this newspaper copy in hopes your magazine could give some coverage and comment on this unfair bill.

The more people that get together to fight and petition this bill, the better.

Contact your Senators and Congressmen and persuade them to vote against this bill.

How ironic this bill is coming up in 1976, our bicentennial year.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Eleanor J. Simonsen
4445 E. Indianapolis
Fresno, CA 93726

FROM HICKOK'S ENGLISH SIDEARM TO THE LEGEND (?) OF THE BUNTLINE SPECIAL

Dear Editor,

I read with interest Major R.O. Ackerman's article on "Techniques of Western Gunmen" in the March, 1976, issue of your magazine; and while I agree with most of what he says, I have a couple of points that he and perhaps your readers might appreciate.

The Major states that Hickok carried a "revolver of English make for many years..." but adds no further details. Some twenty years ago when I was sifting through the many legends about Wild Bill in preparation for the first edition of my book on Hickok, I, too, read that he had used an English revolver. But when I checked this out I found that in 1933 Mrs. Frank J. Wilstach had offered to the Kansas State Historical Society a pistol someone had given her late husband with the claim that it was once owned by Wild Bill. The society accepted the pistol, but did not place too much reliance on its alleged history. It was left to others to build the fiction around it.

The pistol in question is a Belgian copy of the 1855 model Beaumont Adams 54 bore (about .45) five-shot percussion revolver with the double - action invented by Lieutenant Beaumont. Although the pistol bears the Liege proof marks, it also carries the London address of Deane, Adams and Deane, the company which acquired Beaumont's patent, which suggests that a number of these pistols were made for them on the Continent under licence.

However, there is ample evidence to suggest that Hickok did *not* use such a pistol, and if he deviated in any way from his first love — the Colt 1851 Navy revolver — it was toward the new Richards and Richards - Mason conversions, or, perhaps, the Smith and Wesson "American."

I have one other point which I am sure may start a riot, but it must be said: the story of Wyatt Earp's Buntline special is bunk. Investigations by serious historians have revealed that the weapon was first publicised in November, 1930, when Stuart N. Lake wrote a series of articles for *The Saturday Evening Post*, later published in book form as *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal.* We know that Colt's did produce extra - long - barreled versions of their Peacemaker with provision for the attachment of a metal skeleton stock, and some were exhibited in 1876. But Ned Buntline did not buy any, and it is also doubtful that he ever heard of Wyatt Earp. Remember, in 1876 Earp was barely known in Kansas, let alone in New York!

It is now clear that Lake's invention of a "special" pistol for his hero was all part of his scheme to set Wyatt apart, to make him somehow different from his contemporaries — and what better way than to equip him with a weapon that none of the others had? As the major points out, Wyatt's friends quickly cut their "Buntlines" down to normal size, thus leaving Wyatt as the exception.

I would recommend that your readers watch for an upcoming issue of the Kansas State Historical Society's *Quarterly* for a detailed and factual destruction of the Buntline myth written by William B. Shillingberg. Wyatt Earp has received a great deal of criticism and abuse for his alleged "Memoirs," but as Mr. Shillingberg will point out, the real culprit was Lake!

Best wishes for 1976.

Yours sincerely,
Joseph G. Rosa
17, Woodville Gardens
Ruislip, Middlesex
England ●RW

BANK ROBBERY

(continued from pg. 17)

recall. The stolen money was all United States legal tender and national currency. The clerk's watch was also taken. It was gold, ¾ plate English lever made by M.J. Tobias, #4732.

Author's Collection

John Jarrette

There was much conjecture as to who the robbers were. Possibly one of the James brothers was there. Some claimed, more likely, that the robbery had been pulled off by John Jarrette, George Shepherd and Bud Pence, and two others unguessed. ●RW

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GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE!

HERE ARE OVER 100 READY-TO-USE MYSTIC CHANTS FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

Simply choose anything you desire, and in a moment you'll find the special Chant for attracting riches... protecting yourself against sickness... securing a new car, beautiful home, your own business... winning happiness and love... reading the thoughts of others ... and much more! For example:

These words could bring you a vast fortune . . *more riches* than you ever dreamed of:

"D------ J------ W--- N-- T------ I- M- L---."

It happened to a person in desperate need of cash, who was told there were "powerful forces" working against him. Then he spoke the above Mystic Chant for attracting riches. Within the hour, he was awarded $150,000!

By using the same Chant, you too may attract a fortune, a new car, a house in the country, stylish clothes. You simply take any amount you can believe in, from $10,000 to a million dollars, and *say this Mystic Chant!*

What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

How do they bring riches, luxury, comfort, world travel to your doorstep? How do they solve your money problems? To see for yourself, just fill out and mail the No Risk Coupon.

Your Questions About Mystic Chants Answered

Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y-- k--- I l--- y--." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract $150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n-- p----- u------ l---."

Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n-- b---- t-- m--- o- p--- h---- p------." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o-- w--- c----- p---- a-- c-- s---- a-- p-------" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

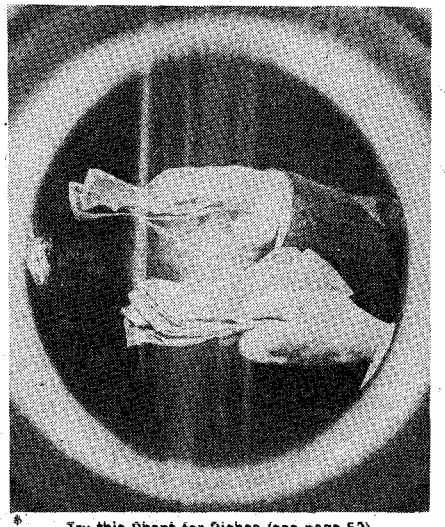
CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n-- i------ m- m--- a-- b--- c---- w--- t-- p------ p------ o- r------ g--- h------" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w--- t-- s--- o- o-- t------ d------ s- I c-- p-- t-- s-------." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant.

The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

Finding lost relatives . . . Making a fortune in the stock market . . . Treating migraine headaches . . . Becoming a famous writer . . . Beauty . . . Getting a beautiful wife . . . Projecting your astral self to distant places . . . Achieving success in your own business . . . or anything else!

However, you need the entire word–the entire sentence–the entire Mystic Chant to accomplish your dreams!

That's why we are making available to you this wonderful book called Mind Cosmology, that gives you every Chant, for a 30-day No-Risk Examination.

When you receive the book, start saying the Mystic Chant for what you want in life–be it love, riches, happiness, *whatever!*

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THOMAS JEFFERSON

(continued from pg. 11)

planting American presence on the west coast.

On return to Washington, they brought the King and Queen of the Mandan Indians with them as guests.

Jefferson also ordered Zebulon Pike to conduct similar expeditions. In 1805, Pike led a party to the headwaters of the Mississippi. Pike's most noteworthy expedition was on the Red and Arkansas Rivers in 1806 and 1807. During these expeditions, Pike discovered Pike's Peak. Pike also found himself arrested and clamped in jail in Santa Fe, New Mexico, by Spanish authorities as a possible spy.

When he returned, Pike gave Jefferson two grizzly cubs he had captured near the Continental Divide. The President was amused and delighted.

A major threat to the new empire arose almost as soon as it was acquired.

Aaron Burr has achieved new notoriety lately through a best - selling biographical novel by Gore Vidal. An embittered and disgruntled political adventurer, Burr has always been suspected of possible delusions of becoming an American Napoleon.

Jefferson and Burr were originally political allies. In 1800, Burr was Jefferson's vice - presidential running mate. In those days, vice presidents were not elected separately from the president as they are now. Instead, the man receiving the second largest number of votes for president became vice president. Each elector voted for two men for president. As a result, Jefferson and Burr received exactly the same number of electoral votes. Now Burr saw a chance to deal with Jefferson's enemies and become president himself.

At the last minute, Jefferson's chief enemy, Alexander Hamilton, swung the decision to Jefferson. Hamilton said that whatever Jefferson's faults, he was more honorable and trustworthy than Burr.

Jefferson, Hamilton and Burr form a triangle of bitter enemies in early United States history. Jefferson never forgave Burr for trying to politically destroy him. Burr never forgave Hamilton for throwing the election to Jefferson.

Quite obviously, when elections rolled around again in 1804, Jefferson would find a new running mate to replace Vice President Burr. Burr even sought to get out before his ship went down by running for governor of New York. He was badly defeated and blamed his defeat on Hamilton.

Hamilton publicly accused Burr during the gubernatorial election of being "... a dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." In rage, Burr challenged Hamilton to the famous duel.

Hamilton's slaying in the duel made Burr's name anathema. It ended what little remained of the Vice President's political career. Perhaps Burr thought that all he could do now was to start his own country somewhere out west.

No one yet knows what Aaron Burr had in mind. Presumably he wanted to get the western states to secede and form a new nation headed by Aaron Burr. Perhaps he planned to grab off the Louisiana Purchase for himself. Possibly he planned to conquer Mexico and set himself on the Mexican throne.

Years later, when Sam Houston won Texas, Burr lamented that he had been 30 years too soon. For whatever significance there is, Burr spent his last years in Texas land speculation.

Whatever Burr planned, it didn't sound good when discovered. Jefferson cried "Treason!"

One involved with Burr was none less than Gen. James Wilkinson, commanding general of the U.S. Army and acting governor of Louisiana. Wilkinson was later found to be on the Spanish payroll as Secret Agent 13. Presumably Wilkinson was the one responsible for the Spanish clamping Zebulon Pike in the Santa Fe jail.

Some elements of the situation were out of Edgar Allan Poe. Burr's partner, Harman Blennerhassett, was a recluse hiding from the world's condemnation with his wife on an island in the Ohio River. His wife was also his niece.

Neighbors on shore thought the Blennerhassetts strange. They found it even stranger when parties of armed men began converging on the island in boats. Added to the bizarre situation, Gen. Wilkinson turned out to be "a fink." Spanish Secret Agent 13 spilled the beans to Jefferson.

Ohio militiamen raided Blennerhassett's Island. Burr got away, only to be captured after other peculiar swashbuckling adventures down the Mississippi River.

The former Vice President was brought to Richmond, Va., for trial before Chief Justice John Marshall. The trial degenerated into a political shouting contest.

Although Burr was acquitted, he was disgraced, and his name is now remembered with Benedict Arnold.

The west was not permanently secured to the Union. It would continue to grow and expand. Jefferson's visionary dream would become ultimate reality "from sea to shining sea."

The west does remember Jefferson's parentage. Along with the Jefferson River in Montana, there is a Mount Jefferson in Oregon. Before admission to the Union, the State of Colorado was once known as Jefferson Territory.

Missouri remembered his part in her history by naming its capital, Jefferson City. His birthday is a legal holiday in Missouri. He rates as a state hero along with Mark Twain and Harry S. Truman.

The "Eiffel Tower" of St Louis is the Jefferson Arch. It symbolizes the portals through which a nation poured westward, thanks to Thomas Jefferson. ● **RW**

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MIRACLE HEALING FOODS for the Relief of Signs of Illness!

Yes, Dear Friend:
Did you know that—right now—there is an ordinary vegetable, stored and forgotten in most kitchens, that is said to relieve many of the diseases of aging? According to one authority . . .

In the forests of Siberia, where it grows wild . . . the aged . . . the paralyzed . . . the sick . . . come on pilgrimages to eat of this wild vegetable and are relieved of their ills—rejuvenated and healed! He adds . . .

In Russia and Poland, among those who eat it, cancer is unknown and life averages over a century! Yet this amazing substance is available everywhere—for pennies!

"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the *fruit* of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." (**Genesis 1:29**)

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS REVEALED

You'll discover this food, and how to use it, on page 107 of an amazing book by Dr. Joseph M. Kadans—a *breakthrough book* that shows how certain common foods—called miracle healing foods by one authority—when used in a special way, can actually strike back at certain illnesses!

You'll find out how certain fruits, nuts, vegetables and seeds are said to:

Relieve painful backache, stiff, aching muscles and joints!

Ward off influenza, asthma, bronchitis, infections; protect you from colds, coughs, and respiratory ailments!

Relieve gas, ulcers, colitis; helps restore regularity!

Help heal stomach and liver disorders; help relieve kidney, bladder, and gall bladder problems; strengthen the heart!

Relieve such problems as baldness, boils, dandruff, eczema, pimples, and more!

Help relieve headaches, high blood pressure; help improve circulation; relieve hemorrhoids; wash away fatigue!

Help melt away extra pounds—and much more!

120-YEAR-OLD MAN CLAIMS: SIGHT AND HEARING RESTORED!

On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book . . .

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful . . . a film gathered over them. My hearing . . . quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put drops of oil into the ears . . . In a very short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES! When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub to his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica*, another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, *only four cases* of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

NO PILLS OR DRUGS . . . NO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT NEEDED! UNIQUE FEATURE GIVES INSTANT REFERENCE TO REMEDIES FOR OVER 130 COMMON AND UNCOMMON COMPLAINTS!

The outstandingly unique feature of Dr. Kadans' book is the alphabetic SYMPTOM-MATIC LOCATOR INDEX. Just look up the symptom for almost any ailment, disease or part of the body imaginable . . . and presto! You flip to the page that gives the remedy recommended!

For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to *STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR . . .* and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against *indigestion . . . . . gas . . . heartburn . . . sour stomach.* Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated *painful hemorrhoids* with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, *at the age of 20,* to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

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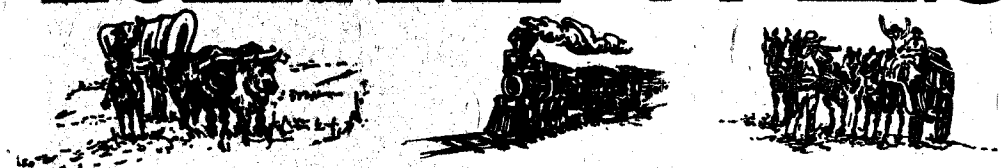

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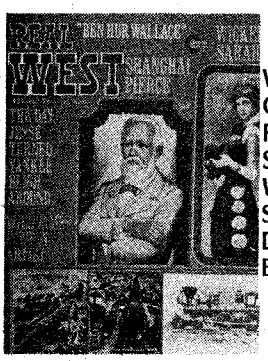

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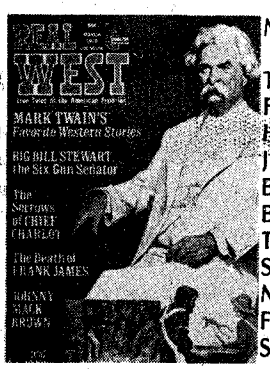

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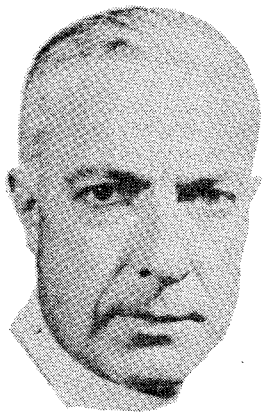

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—O. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Lee, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. N., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. Enclosed is $1 deposit. I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10.
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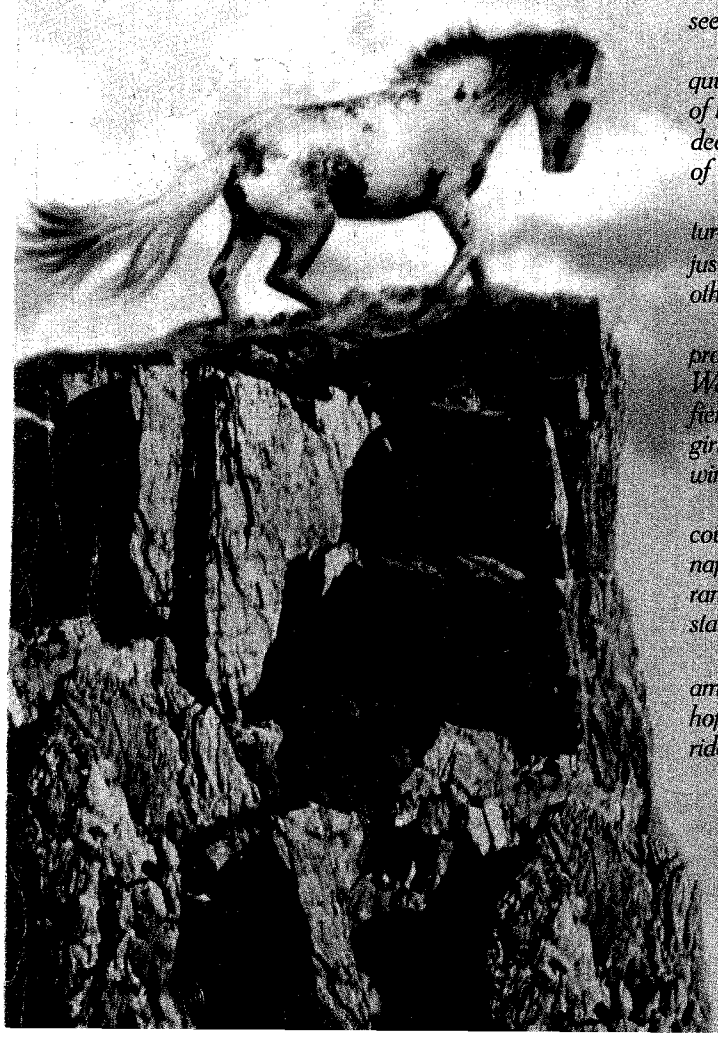
Somewhere mustangs still run free. Zane Grey will lead you there.



He's more mountain lion than mustang. With hellfire eyes. A mane like black flame. And a back that's never known a rope or rider.

The Indians call him Panquitch. And the old chiefs say that when you see him, the blood dances in your veins.

Zane Grey will lead you to Panquitch in Wild Horse Mesa, the story of two desperate men who fought to the death for the right to possess the King of Wild Horses.

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